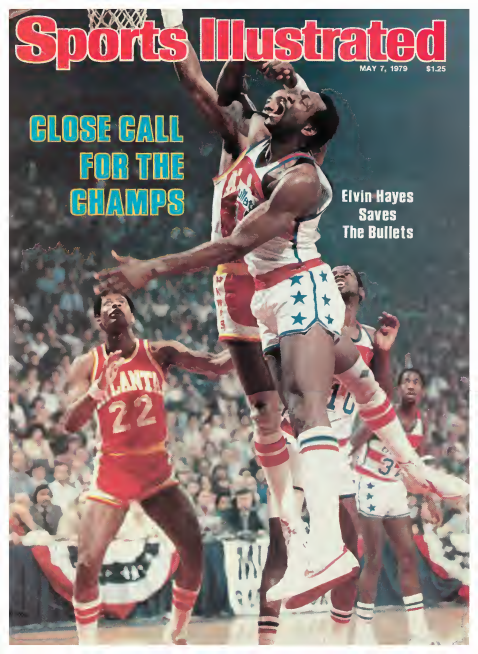


# Sports Illustrated



MAY 7, 1979

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FOR THE  
CHAMPS**

**Elvin Hayes  
Saves  
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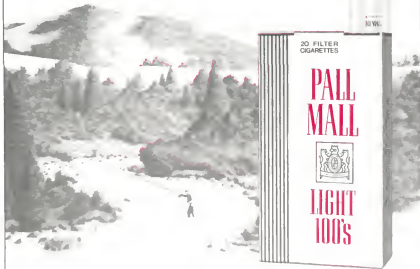
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 Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

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Staff Writers: Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay  
 Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Picture Editor: Jimmy McKay

Production Manager: Jimmy McKay

Chief of Research: Jimmy McKay

Photography: Jimmy McKay

Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Staff Photographers: Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Writer-Reporters: Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Senior Reporters: Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Reporters: Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Art Department: Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Copy Desk: Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Production: Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Special Contributors: Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

Jimmy McKay, Jimmy McKay

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THOSE COLORFUL, flamboyant characters of fact and legend, the oldtime poker players are being challenged in Las Vegas and elsewhere by a new breed who will relieve you of a grand—or 10—at the turn of a card. Roger Doane tells their story

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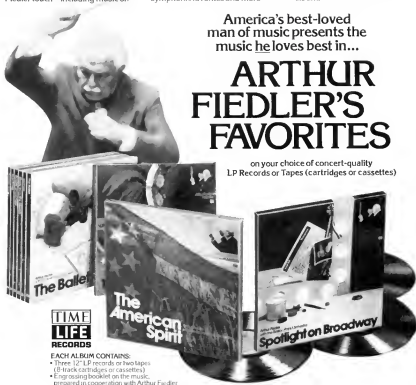
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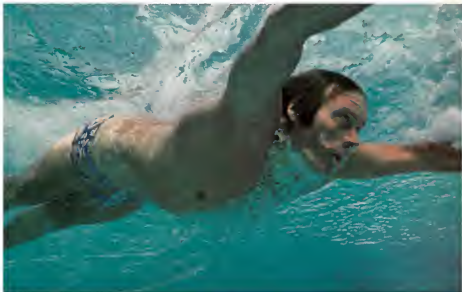
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# SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

## THOSE WORRISOME HELMETS

A new study by Penn State's National Athletic Injury/Illness Reporting System sounds deceptively like good news. NAIRS, which monitors injuries in organized sport, says it examined data on 16,090 college and high school football players from 1975 to 1977 and found 96 cases of "significant concussions." NAIRS deems this a low number and concludes that football helmets were performing "quite effectively."

The only trouble is that concussions are not the major concern with helmets. In John Underwood's series on football violence and injuries (SI, Aug. 14, 1978 et seq.), Dr. Donald Cooper, the team physician at Oklahoma State, was quoted as saying "There's nothing wrong with the helmet itself. Doing what it was intended to do—protecting the head—it performs adequately." Cooper went on to say that helmets actually protect the head too well, allowing it to be used as a battering ram. Thus the biggest risk to the wearer is neck and spine injuries, not concussions.

All of which is borne out by another recent study, this one by the University of Pennsylvania's Sports Medicine Center. As reported in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, the study points to a dramatic increase in the number of players permanently paralyzed from the neck down. In 176 such cases from 1971 to 1977, a large majority of the victims were defensive players making tackles—most of them defensive backs. Dr. Joseph Torg, who headed the research team that conducted the study, attributes the increase to "playing techniques that use the top or crown of the helmet as the primary point of contact."

## MIXED SUPPORT

Worried that the financially strapped Orioles might be sold and moved elsewhere, Baltimore civic leaders have formed a "Keep the Orioles" committee whose main purpose is to persuade local businesses to buy season tickets. Lend-

ing its support, a chain of department stores, Hochschild's, has come out with T-shirts bearing the legend DON'T LET THE BIRDS FLY AWAY. A store spokesman says that sales are strong, which is nice to hear. Suffering financial problems of its own, Hochschild's recently closed its big downtown store as an economy move. It also canceled its eight season tickets for Oriole games.

## GOING TO BAT FOR THE OLYMPICS

The U.S. Olympic Committee and NBC put on a 6½-hour telethon the other night during which Sammy Davis Jr., Glen Campbell, Joe Frazier, Milton Berle and dozens of other celebrities urged viewers to donate money in support of this country's Olympic effort. Given the worthiness they ascribed to the cause, one might have assumed that the notables who appeared on the program were doing so gratis. And, in fact, the show, called Olympathon '79, had been touted in ads reading AMERICA'S GREATEST STARS GO TO BAT FOR YOUR TEAM.

All this made it slightly startling when actor Robert Conrad announced on the show that he was donating his \$1,500 fee to Olympathon '79. His fee? It turned out that performers on Olympathon '79 were paid handsomely, a little secret that USOC Information Director Bob Paul tried to explain by saying, "I honestly don't see how we could have asked them to work for nothing."

Yet Olympathon '79 was the first telethon in memory on which performers didn't work for nothing. For whatever reasons, the show's producers didn't arrange to have the five major performing unions waive their usual pay requirements, something those unions routinely do for telethons and benefits through the Theater Authority, an office expressly set up for the purpose. Conrad wasn't the only one who saw fit to turn back his appearance money, which suggests that performers willing to work for free could have been found to begin with. At a time when ordinary Americans were being

asked to be generous, the USOC's qualms about asking the same of entertainers are hard to understand. So are those misleading advertisements.

## BIG DOINGS ON THE MOUNTAIN

Promoters of the world heavyweight skiing championships, contested annually at Maine's Sugarloaf Mountain by racers weighing more than 225 pounds, have done a commendable job of holding the line on the price of beef. At the first championships in 1969, competitors were assessed an entry fee of 3¢ a pound. At the 1979 competition, the entry fee was still 3¢.

The event attracted 16 skiers, who competed under a slightly amended handicap system. In the past, competitors were given a handicap of one second for every 10 pounds over 225, so that if a skier weighed enough, even Jean-Claude Killy might have had trouble beating him through the 20-gate slalom course. On the theory that this unduly rewarded tonnage at the expense of talent, the handicap was changed this year to three-fourths of a second for every 10 pounds



over 225 on each of two runs. The winner was Terry Newcomb, a onetime defensive tackle at the University of Arizona and now a judge in Akron, N.Y. Including ski equipment, Newcomb registered 372 pounds on the cow scale used for the weigh-in and he rumbled down the course twice in a total of 70.4 seconds, or 48.34 seconds when adjusted for handicap.

Newcomb's beaten rivals included John Truden, a three-time champion from West Springfield, Mass., who took a spill after developing leg cramps early in his first run. Truden had the distinc-

*continued*

tion of being the heaviest entrant. He came in at 453 pounds, much to the delight of the auto-rental firm and ski-equipment manufacturers who got a lot of exposure by plastering his considerable form with advertisements.

#### PAYING A CONDOLENCE CALL

It was early in the opening game of the Stanley Cup semifinals, and Jacques Lemaire had just scored to give the Montreal Canadiens a 1-0 lead over the Boston Bruins. Joyfully, the Montreal bench emptied to congratulate Lemaire. But wait: Boston's players then leaped from their bench to console beaten goaltender Gerry Cheevers.

By sending his men onto the Montreal Forum ice to comfort Cheevers, Boston Coach Don Cherry was shyly protesting what has become an annoying phenomenon in the NHL. Where bench emptying used to occur only when a team won in sudden-death overtime or somebody scored, say, his 200th career goal, such celebrations have become common lately even after routine goals. Cherry's objection is that it can be "intimidating seeing all those guys dancing around," but more important, the practice delays the game. Which is why Referee Dave Newell told both teams that he wouldn't tolerate any more post-goal celebrations or condolence calls. His warning was backed up by the NHL's referee-in-chief, Scotty Morrison. "We don't want to do anything that stifles enthusiasm, but there's a limit," Morrison said. "Lemaire's goal was the first of the game [Montreal won 4-2]. We can't have something like that happening after every goal. The game would take forever."

#### A WHOLE NEW BALL GAME

Making good on his promise to Indiana State's baseball coach, Bob Warn (SCORECARD, April 16), Larry Bird appeared briefly in both ends of a double-header last week against Kentucky Wesleyan. The Sycamore basketball star took over at first base in the fifth inning of the opener and promptly caught a knee in the forehead when he collided with Catcher Mark Rickard while chasing a foul ball. Bob Woolf, the agent who is trying to negotiate an NBA contract for Bird with the Boston Celtics, was sitting in the crowd of 2,000 in Terre Haute and he looked understandably relieved when his client climbed to his feet.

The rest of Bird's day on the diamond

went well enough. He batted once in each game, going down swinging on a 2-2 count and singling in two runs as the Sycamores won both games, 5-1 and 7-1. He also had nine putouts. It was the 6' 9½" senior's college baseball debut and it was probably also his college baseball farewell. He ended the day hitting .500 and fielding 1,000 and, as he happily noted, "Woolf and I are still talking."

#### THE NOBLE STEREOTYPE

American Indians have complained in recent years that the nicknames of the Cleveland Indians, Atlanta Braves, Washington Redskins, Chicago Black Hawks and Kansas City Chiefs add up to one big ethnic slur. Their complaints have obviously been unavailing. Similar protestations have met with a bit more success in the colleges. Although the University of North Dakota still calls its teams the Fighting Sioux, Stanford bowed to pressure a few years ago and changed its nickname from the Indians back to an earlier one, the Cardinals.

A similar change took place—officially, anyway—at Dartmouth, which was founded in 1769 for the purpose of educating Indians. That commitment was soon abandoned, but Dartmouth long referred to its teams as the Indians and used a drawing of a war-painted brave as a symbol. In 1970 the school reintroduced a program for actively recruiting Indians, and after students admitted under the scheme complained about the nickname, the college's trustees dropped it in favor of the Big Green. But the 40 current members of an organization known as Native Americans at Dartmouth can hardly claim total victory. Although a rousing cheer punctuated with the cry, "Scalp 'em," has fallen into disuse, some alumni have been clamoring for restoration of the old nickname. And while proprietors of shops near the Hanover, N.H., campus have finally promised to drop their lines of shirts and jackets adorned with caricatures of the Dartmouth Indian, they say they will continue to sell neckties bearing the symbol.

Nor were Dartmouth's real Indians happy when two students donned green war paint, feathers and loincloths and skated onto the ice last Feb. 25 between periods of a 5-0 Dartmouth hockey victory over Brown. The administration put the two students and a conspirator on probation, and they in turn contritely offered to make public appearances around

campus explaining why Indians feel as they do on the nickname issue. The reason is that Indian designations have traditionally been adopted in sports to symbolize savagery, scalping and looting rather than to honor real people who have suffered more than their share of oppression. Far from fully grasping this, however, one of the miscreants admitted last week, "I still can't understand why using the Indian as a symbol hurts anybody's feelings."

#### THE MAINE 700

There will be a six-day moose-hunting season in northern Maine in the fall of 1980, the state's first since 1935. The state legislature has approved creation of a lottery by which licenses will be issued to 700 Maine residents. Applicants must pay a \$5 fee to participate in the lottery and winners will be charged an additional \$10 for a license. Another \$10 fee will be assessed for any moose taken. Proponents expect the moose hunt to thin out Maine's herd—which they say is necessary—and also to produce more than \$250,000 for the state's Department of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife.

The moose season was approved over the strenuous objections of some legislators, one of whom, Representative Stephen Gould, played taps on a trombone in a corridor outside the senate chamber in Augusta as the decisive roll-call vote neared. Afterward, Gould and other opponents put on black armbands and conducted a moose "funeral." A retired engineer named Bruce Carter, who insisted that the state's moose herd was not so big as to need weeding out, said he would mount a campaign to encourage non-hunters to enter the lottery and to burn any licenses they receive in protest. Pro-hunting forces note that an attempt to thwart a similar lottery in New Brunswick, Canada failed, but Carter, under-terred, has formed a committee to carry out the scheme. Its slogan: "Remember the Maine 700."

#### THEY SAID IT

● Bill Walton, on where he might play if he becomes an NBA free agent: "Right now, I've eliminated Teheran and Three Mile Island."

● Earl Weaver, Baltimore Oriole manager, when told by slump-ridden Outfielder Al Bumby that he was about to go to chapel services: "Take your bat with you."

END

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# ALIVE, BUT JUST BARELY

*Amazing Atlanta took the defending NBA champion Bullets to seven stirring games in the Eastern Conference semifinals, then the Big E and Bobby D made the Hawks' feathers fly*

by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

*Dandridge was steady through most of the series, and his 17 fourth-period points in Game 7 helped flush Atlanta*





It was approximately one year ago that the Washington Bullets, who were on their way to the end of the rainbow, found out that the Atlanta Hawks, who were just back from oblivion, had a talon or two. That important discovery obviously passed unheeded or was forgotten, or both, for it wasn't until last Sunday, at the end of seven breathless, tough playoff games, that the defending champion Bullets could breathe freely once more, having somehow survived the Hawks in the NBA's Eastern Conference semifinals. The Bullets are still trying to figure out if they won or lost the most punishing playoff series this side of the National Football League.

After Washington and Atlanta had flogged each other through six memorable contests, perhaps it was simply inevitable that the older, wiser and more experienced Bullets would prevail in the deciding game in Landover, Md., where, among 19,035 others, Jimmy, Rosalynn and Amy—the dribbling Carter family—watched the home team gasp to victory by a score of 100-94.

For the winners, this meant the opportunity to gather their weary bones and bruised egos and attempt to walk upright to the next round in defense of their NBA title. For the Hawks, well, Heaven can wait.

Like every other game in this playoff, the seventh was contested in a rather savage corner of hell until Elvin Hayes and Bob Dan-bridge took control just when it seemed the hustling vis- continued

noters were ready to steal away with another thoroughly amazing victory.

First it was Hayes scoring 13 points in the third quarter to hold off the Hawks and give the Bullets a 75-69 lead. Then it was Dandridge taking over for 17 points in the fourth. While the pitiful Bullet guards were being shuttled in and out and shooting 6 for 29—"I felt like the Easter bunny looking for eggs," said Washington Coach Dick Motta—Hayes and Dandridge were collecting 39 and 29 points and 15 and 10 rebounds respectively.

Still the courageous Hawks came on. They tied the score 13 times before the end of the third period. They fell behind by eight points early in the fourth, but with their two shooting purists, John Drew and Terry Furlow, sharing 45 points, they tied it up again at 83-all with 6:35 to go. That is where they stalled, only because Hayes dropped another one of those marvelous turnaround jumpers. Dandridge made two free throws, and then Dandridge swished another high-arching jumper from the corner, making it 89-83 Washington. Sayonara, Hawks.

"I told E he was the greatest to ever do it," said Furlow, the squawking Hawk himself, after the game. "And Dandridge—he wasn't making shots. He was burying those babies."

And so he was. Three times in the final four minutes the visitors managed to come within four points. Each time Bobby D took the Hawks by the feathers and shook them to their souls with an incompressible basket—once on a running, locking one-hander that Drew still may be trying to trick down.

Later Hayes called the Hawks some things. "Winners, terrific players, a great team," Hayes said. "It is tough somebody had to lose this series."

It should not have taken the Bullets so long to realize that their tormentors, badly hooded as the mechanical creation of that raging martinet, Hubie Brown, were instead a collection of dogged, talented opportunists: that these Hawks could scratch and peck; and that this was a hungry, dedicated and dangerous bunch simply itching to prove something at somebody's expense.

The first warning came in the playoffs of 1978 when the Hawks roughed up Washington more than a little bit before losing in their mini-series. Then the teams split four games this season with both winning once on the other's court,

and never was the margin larger than four points. While the Bullets rested for a week after the season with a bye, thanks to having the NBA's best record, the Hawks took apart Houston's high-powered offense, holding the Rockets 15 points below their scoring average.

Still, when the Atlanta-Washington series opened two weeks ago on national television, the Hawks were something of a mystery, in part because that was the first time CBS had seen fit to feature the team in Brown's three seasons as coach.

In light of this inattention and Atlanta owner Ted Turner's meager payroll, the fabrication has spread that the team is nothing but a collection of unskilled migrants who gladly suffer Brown's belittling tutelage rather than be cast aside to peddle peanuts on the Georgia highways. Nothing could be further from the truth. No talent? Power Forward Dan Roundfield, shot blocker Tree Rollins and Defensive Guard Eddie Johnson are among the best in the league at their specialties. No scoring? Drew and Furlow are exquisite one-on-one operators. Mindless sycophants? Armond Hill is Princeton. Tom McMillen, for God's sake, is Oxford.

"Talent is all relative in the NBA," says McMillen. "What we have achieved is more talent per player than anybody. This is because Hubie breaks down our inertia and drives it out of us."

The Hawks didn't contain Washington too well in the opener, losing 103-89, but in Game 2 they embarrassed the Bullets 107-99 in Landover to tie up the series. Back home they lost a slowed-down 89-77; then, toward the end of Game 4, it appeared the Hawks would deadlock the series again when they controlled the ball with seven seconds left and the score tied at 109. But, inexplicably, Johnson held the ball over his head for three seconds and then dribbled for three more. By the time he finally passed to McMillen in the corner, the Rhodes scholar was completely open, but the horn had sounded and the game had escaped into an overtime, from which the Bullets emerged with a 120-118 victory.

At this pause in the proceedings, the Bullets had a stranglehold lead of three games to one and were all set to sew it up on their home court. Dandridge had scored 112 points so easily over the helpless Drew that, Brown said, "Pek is playing H-O-R-S-E with himself." Hayes and Wes Unseld were having their own way

amid the ferocious banging underneath the baskets. But the funny thing was that everybody from Capitol Hill to Peachtree Street knew the series was far from over.

In truth, the teams were as close as this: the score had been virtually tied with six minutes to go in all four games. Only the Bullets' ability down the stretch—the combined fourth-quarter scores totaled 112-87 for Washington—had enabled them to bail out of deep water.

So now came the sniping—a practice that was *de rigueur* in the playoffs long before Furlow contracted Muhammad Ali Mouth.

Bullet Guard Tom Henderson, a former Hawk whom Brown got rid of 2½ years ago, accused the Atlanta coach of blowing Game 4 by confusing Johnson and causing him to freeze. "Sure, Johnson should have shot," Henderson said. "But the man has been yelling at him and yanking him in and out of games all season."

Brown refused to publicly acknowledge Henderson's remarks beyond pointing out that his team knew whom to foul (Henderson) near the end of the overtime and who would miss (Henderson) at least one of two clinching free throws (which he did) to give the Hawks another chance to tie the game (which they didn't).

Furlow, on the other hand, was not so discreet. A 6'4" reserve guard whose boundless potential is exceeded only by his personal regard for it, the 24-year-old heretofore has been known mostly as Magic Johnson's recruiter at Michigan State, Julius Erving's roommate at Philadelphia and Coach Bill Fitch's whipping boy at Cleveland. But last week he unleashed a triple-barreled fusillade—two hands, one mouth—which made him the focal point of the entire series.

In a period of three days Furlow became an authentic media monster by first coming off the bench to lead the Hawks to two stunning victories with 35 points, and then firing such scattershot as:

• "Hayes is a cheap-shot artist. Write that."

• "Unseld is a bully. He has bullied his way through this league all his life."

• "The Bullets are crybabies. They bitch and moan all game. They have no class. They've got nobody who can stop me. I am going to dominate their guards physically and psychologically."

The Bullets started off Game 5 as if they would end the series right then. Al-



most before the Hawks busted in off the Beltway. Washington had scored 34 points in the first quarter, the team's best period so far. "We should have kept kicking them till sundown and cut their heads off," Motta said. But late in the quarter the Capital Centre clock went blank, causing an 18-minute delay which the Hawks used to catch their breath and Furlow used to begin what he called his "verbal aggression."

Jogging along the baseline to stay loose, Furlow kept muttering to Kevin Grevey things like "Hello? You're in trouble now. Every time I get it, I'm looking for you. It's gonna be in your face."

Though he didn't start to rumble just then, Furlow carried out his pledge with eight points in the third quarter and eight more in the fourth. With 5:46 remaining in the game, the Hawks led 99-90, but then youthful jitters set in, they made but one basket in the last 4:08 and the Bullets whittled away.

With 14 seconds left, the Hawk mar-

gin was 105-103, time for both teams to go to their meal tickets for the deciding *pas de deux*. That would be Dandridge juking along the endline and Roundfield flying through the air for the block. Sure enough, the most valuable Hawk knocked away Dandridge's 15-footer only to watch the ball sail right back to the shooter. Dandridge jumped again. So Roundfield jumped again, forcing the Bullet to change his arc. This time the shot bounced off the rim, and the victory went to the Hawks, 107-103.

Returning to the madhouse Orme in Atlanta for Game 6, the Bullets still appeared not to be taking Furlow—or the Hawks—seriously. But early on, during a loose-ball melee, Unseld nearly separated Furlow from his life by locking him in a bear hug. The enraged Furlow tore away, fists balled, and the two men had to be separated—"Lucky for one of us," the 6' 7", 260-pound Unseld coldly said later.

A rejuvenated Drew scored 14 points

as Atlanta surged to a 48-42 halftime lead. Still, Brown read his basic riot act to both Drew and Furlow in the dressing room, at one point ordering the latter to strip off his uniform.

It was another Brown harangue, however (this one on court in full earshot of blushing longshoremen), that may have turned the game. Roundfield, admittedly "drifting" through the contest, had been of little consequence until late in the third period when Brown began baiting him from the sidelines. That was enough for Roundfield. Instantly he sprouted after a Bullet fast break, caught up and literally threw Dandridge into the photographers' section and Dandridge's short jumper nearly to Plains. Roundfield finished with 16 points and 10 rebounds; the steady, underrated Steve Hawes outplayed Hayes for 14 of each. Furlow continued to murder the Bullet guards; and Drew and Johnson evenly divided 44 points. Fast Eddie running down the clock toward a 104-86 rout which sent the series back to Maryland.

"They think we are invincible no longer," said Dandridge, whose team shot a humiliating 32%. "Now they've generated a whole team of players who think they are players."

Whether that was said with respect or not hardly mattered. What was important was that in the last quarters of Games 5 and 6 Dandridge and Hayes had combined for just 15 points.

"We're fronting, keeping them out of the box [the lane] and frustrating them," explained Brown, whose Hawk defense had limited the champions to 15 points a game fewer than their season average. "We are rising to the occasion to play a great team some great basketball. I only hope this series is not spoiled by one of us playing badly on Sunday."

Certainly nobody will have to live with that ignominy. At the end the Hawks knew they had achieved parity with the champions; at least they had come as close as a loser ever could.

During a time-out in Game 6, Motta had screamed at his players, "The Hawks have had their shot. They've had it. They can't play any better." But, of course, he knew otherwise. Near the end of Game 7, Motta walked down the court. He congratulated Brown, Roundfield, Furlow and all the rest. And he said later, "They have been great for basketball."

For the Atlanta Hawks, Heaven will wait.

Furlow's unshelved tongue stung the Bullets, and so did his inspired play off the bench.



## IT'S NO LONGER ONLY DOME SWEET HOME

*Houston, blasting out of the Astrodome to lead the National League West, is showing a rare talent for playing A-OK on the road* by E. M. SWIFT



*Jose Cruz, a slashing line-drive .300 hitter, has quietly become one of the league's best batsmen*



If the Astros do nothing else this season, they still will have accomplished two things no previous Houston club has in the unlustrous 17-year history of the franchise. They will have led their division by four games, having awakened last Saturday with just that margin over the Reds. And they will have remained in first place for more than 11 consecutive days. Sunday marked their 15th straight day at the top of the National League's difficult West Division, easily surpassing the previous record set by the 1972 Astros. To be sure, there are five months and 140 games remaining on the schedule, but through the first month Houston qualifies as the surprise team in baseball. "I don't really know the significance of a fast start," says Astro Manager Bill Vir-



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM TROLD

*James Rodney Richard has been just wild enough to give hitters the willies while going four and oh*

don, a placid man whose color is all in his uniform, "but the farther behind we can push L.A. now, the better I'll like it."

When First Baseman Bob Watson was asked if he, too, considered the defending champion Dodgers the team to beat, he positively bubbled as he said, "The team to beat is us. Let them worry about the Astros for a change."

Such an attitude is quite a turnaround for Watson, who has averaged 97 RBIs over the past three seasons while playing for teams that posted records of 80-82, 81-81 and 74-88. Not exactly upward mobility. In their entire history the Astros have finished better than .500 only twice. Fed up, Watson vowed to two Houston writers after the 1978 finale that he had played his last game as an Astro.

He said he had asked General Manager Tal Smith to trade him to a contender, and since Watson would be in the final year of his contract, Smith had little choice but to try to oblige him. "It hurts to say it, but I don't expect this team to contend for the next couple of years," Watson told Harry Shattuck of the *Houston Chronicle*.

Now the Astros have launched themselves to a 14-6 start, and Watson may have found himself a contender where he least expected to. No one thought Houston would be a factor in a division that shaped up as a struggle among the Giants, Dodgers and Reds and already had one dark horse in the Padres. Sure, the Astros had the imposing 6' 8" James Rodney Richard, the first righthander in

National League history to fan more than 300 batters in a season—he had 303 last year—and the winningest righthander, with 56 victories, in the league over the last three seasons. But how far could a team go on one pitcher's back? Houston's other starters, Joe Niekro, Ken Forsch and Vern Riffe, did not have a winning lifetime record among them. Relievers? Only St. Louis had fewer saves than the Astros' 1978 total of 23. Power? Houston was dead last in the major leagues with 70 home runs. Infield? Last in double plays. To make matters worse, they were bumbler on the road, winning fewer than three of every 10 games played away from home.

True, after six different Astros had tried their thumbs at shortstop last year and six others had impersonated catchers, Houston had made an effort to stop those merry-go-rounds by trading for Shortstop Craig Reynolds and Catcher Alan Ashby, who came from Seattle and Toronto, respectively. Still, this was a team of question marks.

It took two days for Forsch to erase one of them. Having been almost exclusively a reliever until late last August, Forsch threw a no-hitter at the Braves on the second day of this season. By the end of last week he had become a fixture in the starting rotation, with a 3-0 record and a 2.31 ERA. Further, relief pitchers Joaquin Andujar and Joe Sambito had given up a total of four runs in their first 33½ innings and had combined for a 4-0 record. And, wonder of wonders, by winning two of four games in Chicago and Pittsburgh last week, the Astros had triumphed in six of their first 11 games on the road while going 8-1 in the friendly Astrodome. Buoyed by a pitching staff with an ERA of 2.72, Virdon was suddenly able to crow, "I can't see this team folding. The only thing we lack is power. And if you

*continued*



After playing six men at short last season, Houston traded for Reynolds



So far this year the only mystery about Cedeno has been how to get him out

#### ASTROS continued

play the game right you don't need that."

You especially don't need it when you play in a park where only 59 home runs were hit last season. Opposing players dread visits to the Astrodome. Hitters lapse into deep depression as they speak of shadows on the ball and altered depth perception. They bemoan what they consider eerie lighting and bizarre reflections. Outfielders curse the "little white squares" that make up the roof. The hated Dome. To non-Astros, it is anything but out of this world.

The record shows it, too. Excluding Houston, National League teams won 57% of their home games and 44% of their road games last year. In contrast, the Astros had a .617 (50-31) percentage at home, fourth best in the league, but finished with the ninth-best overall record. Had they won half their away games, as both Cincinnati and Los Angeles did, Houston would have won 91 games and been in the thick of the pennant race instead of 21 games out. Since the Dome was built, the Astros have posted only three losing records indoors, while suffering badly under God's blue

sky, where their 458-680 mark computes out to a .402 percentage.

Why the difference? Virdon maintains that it is harder for his players to go out into the elements—where they encounter chill, sun fields, windblown pop-ups—than it is for others to come into the controlled 72° comfort of the Dome. But nearly all his players point out that they learned to play baseball outdoors, and that it is the team coming into the Astrodome that has the tougher adjustment to make. "In the Dome the depth perception is different," says Watson. "The ball is on you quicker. You talk to guys like Mike Schmidt, Dave Kangman and Greg Luzinski, and they'll tell you it takes two or three days to get adjusted. By that time they've gone 0 for 10 and the series is almost over."

Dave Parker becomes fiercely animated in describing a visit to Houston, where his Pirates are already 0-3 this year. "I dislike playing in there," he says. "I do semi-unnatural things to my swing. I'm a wait-and-snap hitter, but there I know I have to crush it to get it out. I feel I have to pump up my swing. There's also some bluish Plexiglas in the outfield that gives a reflection."

Asked about that reflection, Astro Second Baseman Art Howe thought for a moment and then scowled as he said, "I've never even noticed it. Now I'll be looking for it every time. Thanks."

Bobby Murcer of the Cubs, who are 41-82 in the Dome over the years, says the place makes him claustrophobic. "It's a funny feeling going in there. It's the same type of thing as when you're in an elevator with a whole bunch of people. Don't you get a different feeling when you step outside?"

The Astros do. At least they have in the past, when they seemed to be afflicted with a tightening around the collar, a dryness in the mouth, every time they stepped onto an outdoor field. "The hitters would try to crank up when they got in a little park like Wrigley," Watson says in an effort to explain Houston's abysmal history on the road. "But the pitching is the big difference. At the Dome our pitchers would challenge a guy. But outside they got too careful. They'd be nipping away at the corners and falling behind in the count and then would give up a home run."

Not all of Houston's pitchers go along with Watson's theory, but how else can

one explain away the fact that in 1978 they allowed 48 more walks in 50 fewer innings away from the Astrodome? The team ERA at home was a superb 2.85; away it was an atrocious 4.47. Meanwhile, Astro hitters batted 26 percentage points higher in Houston while slugging 10 fewer home runs than they did on the road.

"Our team is tailored for the Dome," says Sambito. "Offenses that come in here looking for two or three runs with one swing are in trouble, because those balls are going to be caught. I'm a fast-ball pitcher, and I love to pitch in the Dome, because I can challenge a guy—throw it in there and say, 'Here it is. If you want to hit it out, go ahead, but I don't think you will.'"

Forsch, another power pitcher—although he mixes a forkball and a curve in with his 94-mph fastball and slider—isn't so sure. "I've pitched in there when those hitters pick the ball up pretty well," he says. Nonetheless, the record shows that Forsch was 7-0 at home last year.

With Terry Puhl, Cesar Cedeno and Jose Cruz, the Astros have three line-drive-hitting outfielders who are capable of stealing 40 bases each and of cutting off batted balls that seem to pick up speed when they hit the carpet in the Dome's spacious outfield. "Oh, man, we can get everything," says Cruz, third in the league last year with his .315 average and Houston's RBI leader so far in 1979 with 17. Cruz' eight stolen bases tie him for the team lead with Third Baseman Enos Cabell, whom Pirate Manager Chuck Tanner calls "the most underrated player in the league. Cabell's not going to be a star. He's a star already, but nobody knows it."

The same could be said of Cruz, who has hit .306 over the last three seasons. A slashing left-handed batter with a strong, if sometimes inaccurate, arm, Cruz is in the last year of his contract with Houston and is talking about becoming a free agent. "He's going to lead this league in hitting very soon," predicts Deacon Jones, the Houston coach who convinced Cruz in 1976 to start hitting to all fields. Cruz has a prediction of his own: "This team is going to the World Series. Maybe then people in this country will see how well I play baseball."

One of the real strengths of the Astros, as Ruhle points out, is that "We're a team filled with players who have something to prove as individuals." Ruhle

himself was summarily released by the Tigers during spring training last year and signed with Houston as a free agent. Forsch is out to prove he can succeed as a starter. Cedeno is coming off knee surgery that restricted his 1978 season to 50 games and may finally be ready to accomplish the great things predicted for him when he came to the Astros as a 19-year-old in 1970. The enigmatic Cedeno has been a mystery mainly to pitchers so far in '79, and he is hitting .316. Ashby and Reynolds were traded away by expansion teams, and Cruz, Watson and Richard are all in the final year of their contracts. They are looking to make big bucks as free agents if Houston is unwilling to fork over the dough.

It is Richard who would command the most money. Once known primarily as a strikeout pitcher, he is now recognized as a winning pitcher. "He is fast becoming the best righthander in the National League," says the Pirates' Parker. "He's the only pitcher I've ever seen whose slider is as fast as his fastball. It comes in there at 90 miles an hour. He's a talent." Parker whistles. "Course it doesn't hurt that he's 6'8" and looks like he's right on top of you inside that Dome. But his control has improved 100%."

Not, however, with perfect consistency. In a 2-1 win over the Dodgers, Richard fired six wild pitches—he has 12 for the year—while fanning 13. "Intimidation is part of any pitcher's game," Richard says. "But I don't think about whether I scare guys." They do.

Richard plays down whatever advantage pitching in the Astrodome gives him. "I have to get them out on the road, too," he says, although last year he allowed 2.5 more runs per nine innings away from the Dome than he did beneath it. Still, his 6-6 away record was the staff's best, and the Astros' goal is to match Richard's .500 on the road as a team this year. If the Astros do that, they know they'll win 90 or so games.

"We were a young club last year," says Virdon. "Young clubs always have trouble when they travel."

It is significant that on April 15, the day Houston assumed first place, it swept a doubleheader in San Francisco. The Astros won four of seven on that first Western swing, and through last Sunday they were 2-2 on their first trip East, an important 14-game stint during which the league

may find out if Houston is for real.

There is speculation that the very comfort of the Dome is the source of the Astros' undoing once they hit the road. "Everything is just right," the Chronicle's Shattuck says. "The dugouts are huge. The temperature is controlled. The fans and the press don't put too much pressure on them. It's . . . comfortable. The scoreboard even tells the fans when to clap. So when they travel, the elements, the crowd noise, the temperature are all obstacles. It makes them nervous."

No more nervous than opponents get coming into the Dome. "Something's obviously happening in here," says Ashby. "I haven't been around long enough to put my finger on it, but it's happening."

Word forces seem to be at work, and some of them appear to defy the laws of physics. "The ball carries farther when there's a big crowd in the Dome. I know that for a fact," says Forsch.

"That's the rumor, all right," Ashby concurs. He has yet to homer this season; last year he hit nine for Toronto, the same number the Astros have thus far in '79. "So bring on the big crowds."

They're starting to come, all right. But, as every Houston fan knows, a win in the Dome is not one for the road. **END**

A no-hitter sewed up a starting spot for Forsch





Ducas thrower Wilkins (left) and shotputter Feuerbach were the hosts with the most gusto muscle during happy hour at their Santa Cruz driveway.

## A BIGGIE OF A MEET AT MAC AND AL'S

*Was it a party? A protest? Serious competition? There were elements of all three at the Two Big Guys Mountain Games when Mac Wilkins and Al Feuerbach invited some friends in to throw their weight around* **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

Sports are for kids, spectators and officials, or perhaps for Nielsen ratings, but hardly ever exclusively for athletes anymore. Last week, on the side of a precipitous mountain looming high above San Jose, Calif., things were different. Howard Cosell, the Goodyear blimp and Robert Conrad were nowhere to be seen. Sitcom stars were not juggling on the sidelines, and dour track officials in blazers were not flashing ribbons. In terms of human warmth as well as sheer bulk, Al Feuerbach and Mac Wilkins were proving that they are two very big guys by providing an arena in which to honor friends and legends, repay old debts and, most of all, to celebrate the prowess of their own kind.

Shotputters like Feuerbach and discus throwers like Wilkins often find themselves occupying the third ring of a three-ring circus, competing in the distant an-

field at track and field meets while milers and sprinters dazzle the crowd. Thus the Two Big Guys Mountain Games, the name Feuerbach and Wilkins bestowed on their gathering last Saturday. Attendance was by invitation only, and perhaps never has so much sinew and brawn been grouped together for such sheer fun and exuberance, to say nothing of so much food, drink and conviviality. "This is a great gathering of the male chauvinist pigs," chortled Parry O'Brien, the two-time Olympic gold medal shotputter, overlooking the fact that Wilkins and Feuerbach had provided discus and shot events for women as well.

Nevertheless, one could understand O'Brien's sentiment. In manners and deportment, throwers do have a reputation that tends toward the unrefined. Animal House behavior of John Belushi. But if anyone thought that this group was go-

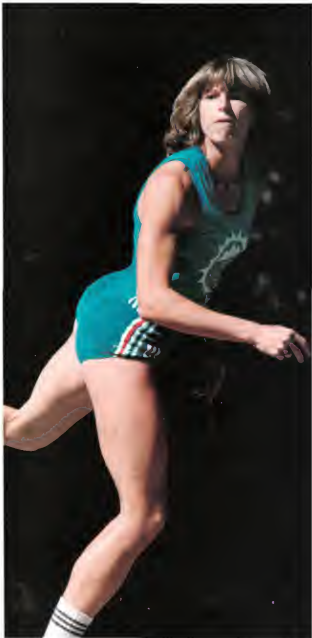
ing to get out of control at the party that followed the competition and engage in such grow-out activities as food fights and body slams, they were totally mistaken. Well, almost totally. The day's activities proved that if shotputters and discus throwers are going to commit bodily harm upon someone, it is not going to be upon each other. Oh, true, that blithe spirit, Brian Oldfield, did almost skull a fellow competitor with a 16-pound shot, but that was an accident, and he did playfully hurl another shot at a photographer, but that was good fun, and a woman competitor did lose her warmup pants for a moment, but that was unplanned. Still, certain precautions had been made. Parking in the driveway of Feuerbach's and Wilkins' retreat was prohibited, a reasonable rule since five kegs of beer were ready to be tapped and the driveway has a 200-foot chain on one side.

The competition began in more traditional surroundings, with the discus throw for men and women at Independence High School in San Jose. Then everybody got into cars and, following maps that pointed out such landmarks as "small store," reassembled for the shoot-out at their hosts' cabin up in the Santa Cruz mountains. After that came not one but two parties. The first was a decorous daytime affair for athletes and invited spectators, succeeded by an evening blast for the athletes only, where the amiable giants sat around drinking and seeing who could throw the truth the farthest, matching quips with old-timers like O'Brien, Bill Nieder, the gold medalist in the shot at the Rome Olympics, and Rink Babka, the first person ever to throw the discus 200 feet. At a buffet dinner, the current crop of throwers—especially Canadian Bishop Dolegiewicz, who at 6' 6" and 290 pounds was the biggest Big Guy at the Mountain Games—could be identified by the way they challenged the strength of the paper plates, piling them high with spaghetti, enchiladas, garlic bread and other megacarbonydrates, while the older biggies complained about their figures. "I don't know how much longer I can hold this in," said Babka, patting his stomach.

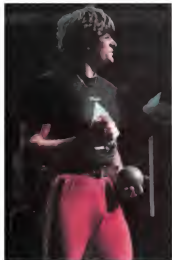
It is not surprising that large athletes feel a need to flock together, since by size alone they exist outside the mainstream of life. Most people do not bother to hide their anxiety when the big fellows sit on their furniture. Actually, Feuerbach, at 6' 1" and 240 pounds, is a bit small for his sport, while Wilkins is considered average size at 6' 4" and 250 pounds. Larry Schreiber, who for five years was a running back for the 49ers, now owns a bar in San Mateo called the B Street Grill. Watching the discus competition Saturday, even Schreiber, a man who has seen his share of defensive linemen, was impressed with the abundance of bulk. "I can't believe how big they are," he said.

If the truth be known, however, the Big Guys Games also had a more serious purpose than an uninhibited grouping of sizable outcasts. They were a reaction to what many U.S. track and field athletes feel about a national training system that provides them with little more than "a uniform and a trip to Europe."

continued



*Perpetrator Jane Frederick (5' 11", 160 pounds) put the shot 50' 8" in the women's Big Guys event*



Brian Oldfield finally had a place to compete

#### BIG GUYS continued

The two hosts had been asked if they would appear on the recent Olympic telethon and had refused. "The more money the U.S. Olympic Committee gets, then the more it has to do things like fight lawsuits against our own athletes," muttered Feuerbach.

To make the Mountain Games a reality, the Nike athletic shoe company

provided money for expenses and prizes. Each of the 20 Olympians present was given a special Olympics book signed by his companions. Meanwhile the two organizers had worked furiously to create an event up to their standards. Feuerbach had even reinforced such fragile items as railings and steps that would have to support numerous bulky bodies. The two former world-record holders also smoothed out the backyard landing area, dug a new throwing ring and spread truckloads of lava rock chips in the landing area. Feuerbach's wife Gudrun and discus throwers Julie Hansen and Lynn Wambler had been put in charge of painting, and even in a rain on Thursday they had continued slapping away with their brushes. Both Feuerbach and Wilkins were kept up late Friday night working on final touches. Feuerbach saw the sun rise as he finished painting the shotput throwing circle.

Both Feuerbach and Wilkins are now ranked second in the world to East Germans. Last August, Wolfgang Schmidt threw the discus 233' 5" to break Wilkins' world record by 11 inches. Earlier, Udo Beyer had moved the shotput mark up to 72' 8" during a meet in Sweden. Feuerbach was at that meet, and after his throw, Beyer, his face flushed and his eyes almost glazed, walked over to the American and said, "If you train in my system, you could do this also!" Feuerbach found the remark curious. "It was almost an apology, almost as if he felt guilty," he recalls.

From incidents such as this grew the

Mountain Games. If Feuerbach and Wilkins were exhibits in a museum that no one visits except during an Olympic year, perhaps they should display their talent before a group that could fully appreciate them. It would be like a philharmonic orchestra, fed up with hearing applause in the wrong places, or no applause at all, giving a concert for musicians only.

Wilkins and Feuerbach had shown that they were aware of the value of timing. Not only were the Penn and the Drake Relays taking place in Philadelphia and Des Moines last weekend, but right down the mountain the San Jose Invitational was under way. It was at this meet that both Feuerbach and Wilkins had first set world records. Al in 1973, Mac in 1976. Feuerbach said he was sorry about the conflict and confided he was truly disappointed that he could not throw at Des Moines. He usually gets a police escort to the airport there, a memorable occurrence for any thrower. He was not about to chance leaving his house unguarded, however. "I might get back to find the place demolished by the early arrivals," he said.

In a sense, the 33-year-old Oldfield epitomized the frustration of the throwers. The former Olympian joined the ill-fated pro track tour at the height of his career, but since the tour folded in 1976 he has tried vainly to regain his amateur standing. He recently sold his car for living expenses.

Because the meet was sanctioned by the AAU, Feuerbach and Wilkins were careful to point out that Oldfield was not competing in the shotput but was only on hand to give an "exhibition." This transparent subterfuge not only gave Oldfield a chance to get the feeling of competition again, but it was necessary to keep the other athletes from losing their amateur standing by competing against a "professional." Considering that there now is no formal track meet that will allow Oldfield to compete, that designation infuriates him. "I'm probably the only true amateur in the world," he said.

Meantime the legal amateurs were at work. Lorna Griffin, a 22-year-old Boeing Aircraft Company worker from Seattle, and the American women's record holder in the discus, won that event with a throw of 186' 2", an effort only 26" short of her national mark. Helene Connell of Spring Lake, N.J. finished second at 173' 3" and Leslie Deniz, a

continued



Bishop Dolegiewiez (left) and Bruno Pasetto were among the Very Big Guys at Los Gatos



# Old Milwaukee Great American Places Sweepstakes.

## YOU MAY HAVE WON A TRIP TO HAWAII AND A JEEP® WAGONEER.

To find out if you've won, just take the Sweepstakes Certificate to the special Old Milwaukee display in a participating retail store, place it behind the Instant Winner Decoder, and if your Instant Winner Symbol matches one of the winning symbols on the display, send in your certificate and start packing. If you cannot find a convenient Old Milwaukee display, or you do not wish to visit a retail store to see if you have won, you can send for a decoder by following the instructions in Rule #5 PLEASE READ CAREFULLY AND FOLLOW ALL RULES AND INSTRUCTIONS BEFORE PROCEEDING.

**FIRST PRIZE:** Ten days in Oahu, Hawaii, \$5,000 in cash plus a new Jeep Wagoneer.

**SECOND PRIZE:** A trip to New York, New Orleans, or San Francisco plus \$2,500 for each winner. (First Prize and Second Prize trips include round trip coach air fare and hotel accommodations for two.) **THIRD PRIZES:** One thousand handsome four piece sets of Old Milwaukee crystal beer mugs. If you're not an Instant Winner, you're still not out—you may enter the Second Chance Drawing for all unclaimed prizes because in most sweepstakes, many Instant Winners do not claim their prizes.

**OLD MILWAUKEE GREAT**

### AMERICAN PLACES SWEEPSTAKES RULES

1. Cut out the Old Milwaukee Great American Places Sweepstakes Certificate as this ad and place it under the Instant Winner Decoder on display at your participating Old Milwaukee retailer. Complete the symbol revealed under the Instant Winner Decoder with the Instant Winner Symbols appearing on the display. If your Instant Winner symbol matches one of the winning symbols on the display, you are an Instant Winner of the prize specified for that symbol. 2. To claim an Instant Winner prize, hand print your name and address on the Old Milwaukee Great American Places Sweepstakes Certificate on a 3" x 5" card. Mail your certificate with your matching Instant Winner Symbol via registered mail, return receipt requested, to: Old Milwaukee Sweepstakes Instant Winner Prize Claim, P.O. Box 8218, Blair, NE 68009. 3. In the event that the first, or all three second prizes, or any of the 1,000 third prizes are not claimed by an Instant Winner, which is likely, a Second Chance Drawing will be held from among all Second Chance entries to award all unclaimed prizes.

To enter the Second Chance Drawing, complete the Second Chance entry form found on Old Milwaukee Displays at your participating Old Milwaukee retailer or, on a 3" x 5" card, hand print your name and address and mail in a hand addressed envelope to: Old Milwaukee Sweepstakes, Second Chance Drawing, P.O. Box 8470, Blair, NE 68009. 4. All Instant Winner claims and each Second Chance entry must be mailed separately and received by 8/1/79 and be accompanied by any one of the following: an Old Milwaukee label, the words "Old Milwaukee" cut from any Old Milwaukee carton or the words "Old Milwaukee Sweepstakes" hand printed on a separate 3" x 5" card. The Second Chance Drawing will take place on 8/15/79 and winners in the drawing will be notified by 8/30/79. 5. If you cannot find a sweepstakes display at your nearby retailer, or you do not wish to go to your nearby retailer, you may obtain a reprint of the prize winning symbols, an Instant Winner Decoder, and details by sending a stamped self-addressed envelope

to Old Milwaukee Sweepstakes Reprints, P.O. Box 7101 Blair, NE 68009. Your request must be received by 7/1/79. 6. Random drawings

and verification of Instant Winner Claims are under the supervision of the O. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. Any Instant Winner Claims that are delayed, mutilated or altered in any way are null and void. 7. The odds for any distributed certificate being an Instant Winner are: **FIRST PRIZE**—1 in 34,266,800, **SECOND PRIZE**—1 in 11,422,267, **THIRD PRIZE**—1 in 34,267. The odds of winning in the Second Chance Random Drawing will be determined by the number of entries received and the number of unclaimed prizes. 8. 1,004 prizes valued at \$36,000 guaranteed to be awarded. For a list of major prize winners (to ps) available after 9/30/79, or to obtain the odds of having won a prize in the Second Chance Drawing, send a separate, stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Old Milwaukee Sweepstakes Winners

List, P.O. Box 6759, Blair, NE 68009. 9. Limit one prize per family. No substitution for prizes. In order to claim their prize, winners are obligated, upon request, to sign an affidavit of eligibility within 30 days of notification. In the event of non-compliance within this time period, alternate winners will be selected. **ALL PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED.**

**10. THIS SWEEPSTAKES IS OPEN TO RESIDENTS OF THE U.S.A. OF LEGAL DRINKING AGE IN THEIR STATES OF RESIDENCE**, except employees of the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., their affiliates, subsidiaries, wholesalers, advertising agencies, manufacturers of sweepstakes materials, O. L. Blair, and other suppliers, and their families. Void in the states of Arkansas, California, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas, Utah, Virginia, and wherever else prohibited by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. Taxes are the sole responsibility of the prize winner. Date of departure for travel prizes subject to availability, but departures must take place prior to 8/1/80.

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### SAN FRANCISCO

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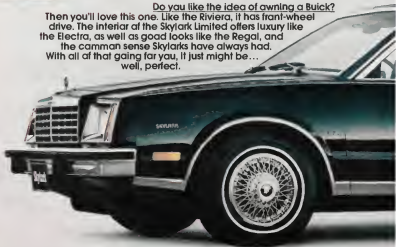
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More aircraft depend on Goodyear tires than any other kind.  
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The tires we build for your car will never have to stand up under 250 tons hitting the ground at 150 mph. But in one important way they're just the same as our aircraft tires—we keep improving them to stay out front. In the last four years, we've invested more than a billion dollars in new ideas, new plants and equipment.

That's how we brought you the all-season Tiempo. And the new high-performance Wingfoot radial. Constant innovation—in design, materials, and techniques. It's made Goodyear the leader in aircraft tires, wheels, and braking systems. And it's made us number one on the road. Out front. And pulling away.

**GOODYEAR**

Design® Wingfoot® and the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

high school junior from the area around Chico, Calif., came in third with a throw of 164' 1".

Mac Wilkins, still sleepy-eyed from his hectic week of sowing and digging, could do no better than 207' 10" in the men's event and finished third behind Markku Tuokko of Finland and Keut Hjeltines of Norway. Tuokko threw 220' 6", and Wilkins could take a measure of gratification from the Finn's achievement. In 1975, during a low point in the American's career, he had lived and trained with Tuokko in Finland. "Now I feel I have paid him back," said Wilkins.

Up in the mountains, the audience was assembling for the shotput. Among the spectators was Angelo Turani, an Italian whom Feuerbach calls "one of the world's two or three shotput fanatics." Turani visited Feuerbach and Wilkins last week, and when he discovered that they were going to hold their own meet, he postponed his return to Italy. On Saturday he was showing Feuerbach photos taken of himself working out on a

machine designed to improve a thrower's performance.

"Is very good, Al," said Turani. "The West Germans developed it."

"But the West Germans don't have any good throwers," said Feuerbach.

"They will, Al," maintained Turani. "Is very good."

Saturday did not turn out to be a very good day for Feuerbach the competitor. After Maren Seidler, the women's national shotput record holder at 62' 3 3/4", won with a heave of 58' 4 3/4", the men took their turn in the event. The crowd perched on the hillside behind the throwing area cooed and ached, especially at Oldfield's practice throws that chased up against a fence about 70 feet away. O'Brien was leaning over a railing only a few feet from the throwing ring when Feuerbach opened the competition. "Technique, Al," O'Brien yelled. "Throw the hips." But the weary host could do no better than 64' 6 1/2" and finished third behind Bruno Paulotto (66' 1 3/4") and the winner, Reijo Stahl-

berg, another Finn, who pushed the shot out to 68' 5 1/4". When Feuerbach's turn came to pick up his prize at the awards ceremony, he was handed a tattered grocery bag instead of the flight bags the other competitors received.

As for Oldfield, he fouled his first three throws. Then followed two rather poor efforts. As he approached the ring for the final time, Oldfield dropped the shot at his feet with a thud and rubbed his hands together furiously, giving a determined grunt. Then he purposefully picked up the shot, dipped into his spin and gave out a resounding bellow as he let fly. "There it is," he yelled as the ball arced away. But Oldfield, perhaps a bit rusty in estimating distances after his two years in exile from competition, had overestimated his throw. It would not have won the event, but it did carry 68' 2 3/4" and bounced off the railing at the end of the landing area with a satisfying thud. "It's kind of nice to be part of it again," Oldfield said later as the Big Guys party got into full swing. **END**

# Sutliff Private Stock goes public.

## Introducing three new blends of aromatic pipe tobacco.

**Bourbon and Brights** A carefully cut tobacco with a dash of spice that adds an extra aromatic dimension to smooth taste.

**Blacks and Brights** A suave, smoldering, earthy blend of ultra-dark and light tobaccos. A simply delicious combination.

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The story of the Sutliff family's tobacco business began in 1849 in San Francisco, where Henry Sutliff, grandfather of the tobacco shop's Grandfather, was at smoking and blending the finest tobacco. His skill, the great cropships was legendary, among his discerning trade. But for himself and a few close friends, his grandfather reserved a selection of tobaccos whose rarity and expense precluded any general public distribution. There arose about this "Private Stock" an envious legend of unparalleled smoking pleasure. A legend you can now enjoy.

*Gordon & Sutliff*



Bird watchers no doubt still exist, crouching stealthily, studying a favorite species for hours on end. The men on the Rolligon are *birders*. They go and they check 'em out, man. And the more they check, the happier they are.

The record for bird species observed in a single 24-hour period is 288. That figure was achieved in Zambia, East Africa, in 1975. The North American record was set in California last year: 231 species. Last Wednesday, starting on that Texas marsh, five men set out to beat both of those figures. They felt that 300 was a distinct possibility. Given the so phistication of their plan, it

mixed hardwood and pine forest 15 miles east of the city. Next they would drive to Galveston, and Galveston Island. And then they would play their trump card.

At Galveston Municipal Airport, a Lear jet would be waiting. The birds would be whisked down the coast to Rockport, where they would clamber into a rented station wagon and check out the ducks of Copano Bay and the shorebirds of Mustang Island and Oso Bay. That would bring them close to the Corpus Christi airport, where they would rendezvous with the Lear again and hustle on to McAllen, to the Mexican border and the birds of the Rio Grande.

## THE GREAT BIRD BASH

It is 2 a.m. on the salt marsh at Anahuac, Texas, a black-velvet night, warm, moist, entirely silent. A necklace of dim lights is visible across Galveston Bay. A sweet-rotten scent rises from the wetlands. Then, violently, the peace is shattered.

Out of the darkness, blazing with light, splattering through the mud, an extraordinary vehicle comes on like something out of a James Bond movie. Basically it is a tractor, equipped with enormous balloon tires and festooned with spotlights. It tows a tumbrel with a generator aboard that puts up a continuous howl. It is Rolligon, a mechanical dragon. Its purpose is to expose, then intimidate, the quarry that its crew of men, clinging on precariously, is hunting down.

Suddenly it comes to a jolting stop. More lights—hand-held strobes—flash on. And from the men comes a yell of triumph. "Yay!" they shout, "Hoo hoo!" Pinned in the cross beams is the quarry, cowering in the marsh grass. It is five inches long, with a tiny yellow beak, black and sandy markings. "Hoo! Yellow rail," somebody shouts. "We got us a yellow rail!" The little bird comes to its senses and wings off into the night. For the bird watchers on board Rolligon, the big day has started triumphantly.

Bird watchers? Too passive, too tame a word, as they will tell you themselves.

**A team of birders used a mechanical dragon and a plane to cover the Southwest in a try for a new 24-hour world sighting record, but, alas, the jet lagged and the warblers lammed by CLIVE GAMMON**

seemed that their optimism was justified.

The birders gathered at Houston last Tuesday, at the airport restaurant. There was Steve Oresman, a 46-year-old New Yorker, a Park Avenue management consultant who started his birding at age 10 in Central Park ("A great spot. The birds haven't got anywhere else to go"). There was Benton Bosham, an anesthetist from Chattanooga, and Jim Tucker, of Austin, Texas, executive director of the American Birding Association, a psychologist and the acknowledged Texas expert. There was young Jon Dunn, from Encino, Calif., one of the group that had set the national record.

And there was the chairman of the board, Joe Taylor of Rochester, N.Y., president of the ABA. Uncle Joe, 65, a rubicund, white-whiskered Mr. Pickwick of a man, started the final planning session with a large tequila on the rocks. "I'm in training," he pointed out, "but not in strict training."

The plan, in fact, was pretty well cut and dried already. The Big Day—the birders' own term for a record attempt—would begin in the Anahuac salt marsh at 2 a.m. By dawn the assault group would be close to Houston again, working the

Then the big jump, to the green canyons of the Huachuca Mountains in Arizona. Plenty of hummingbirds there, they figured, and maybe a golden eagle. Traveling westward through the day, they would lose some hours in flying, but they would gain light through two time zones. By 3 p.m. Pacific time they would be in San Diego, where the great talents of Jon Dunn would come into play. All the richness of West Coast birdlife would be added to the list, and the last act, in the darkness, would be to drive out to Mount Palomar. For the owls, naturally, which would respond to the taped hootings the team had prepared.

It was a finely organized scheme. But already, at the planning lunch, there were forebodings. Five days earlier a frost had come through from the north which, Jim Tucker explained, had forced thousands of migrating land birds heading from Central America to Canada onto the Texas coast. That was fine except that since then there had been warm weather and

*continued*

*Four members of birding's jet set—from top: Jim Tucker, Steve Oresman, Benton Bosham and Joe Taylor—display the latest glasses in the West*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED KASPER



a gentle breeze from the south, giving the exhausted migrants time to recover and head north again. "The big wave may have gone through," Jim said.

Joc Taylor ordered another tequila to see him through the bad news, then added some of his own. The fragile ecology of the Arizona canyons, green oases in a desert of sand, had been his hard by the phenomenally cold winter. "A lot of the oak trees are dead," he said. "I don't think we'll see any quail." But the Lear might compensate for all that. California alone would make up the deficiencies. The doubts were shaken off. Thus, after all, was one of the most ambitious birding expeditions ever planned. No time to sit over lunch harboring gloomy thoughts.

In all probability, none of the late crowd at the Rice Lands Motel 24-hour restaurant at Winnie, Texas was aware that history brushed them on the shoulder on the eve of the big count. Indeed, they seemed more interested in listening to country music on the jukebox than in Uncle Joe's team, which had just risen from a two-hour rest, the last it would get until it returned to Texas early on Thursday morning. Unacknowledged, the team furtively moved out into the humid night.

Long before 2 a.m., the official start time, the team was in position and had seen its first bird, which did not, of course, count—a black-crowned night heron that flapped slowly over the car. "Can't we put it in escrow?" pleaded Oresman. He couldn't, he learned. Like the rest of the team, he had to wait until it was legal time to set off in the Rolligon, the terror of the marshes.

Laymen might well imagine that birding involves, well, a lot of creeping through the woods. Not so. Creeping is too slow. You have to go get 'em, and in a salt marsh a \$30,000 Rolligon is about the only way. Raris, tiny, plump, desperately shy little birds, the team's main objective at Anahuac, have to be hunted down, exposed. There are six North American species. In less than an hour, Uncle Joe's boys had checked off five. The mechanical dragon flushed other species too. The total was up to 10 by the time they headed back to the car. Not a high rate of scoring, but these were bonus birds collected in the dark. The big rush would come at dawn. "We have 99% of what we wanted," declared Tucker. "We missed the black rail, but that Le Comte's sparrow was an extra!"

Now it was a mad scramble for the car and the big rush back to Houston. The woods were silhouetted against the sky, but the yellow light was not the dawn, only the glow of the city. The objective at this stage was to gather in a few owls, maybe a chuck-will's-widow that sings before dawn. The team drove along with windows down, listening for calls. When the road went through heavy timber, Tucker, the Texas expert, called for a stop and whistled plaintively at the trees, but no chuck-will's-widow responded, and when the headlamps picked out the golden eyes of an owl on a stump, it flapped slowly away before it could be identified. No need to sweat about that. There'd be owls aplenty when they got to Mount Palomar.

**N**ow, slowly, an undramatic dawn, misty with the promise of sun, began to cast a true light on the woods. And suddenly every bird in Texas seemed to be singing. It was still too early to check species visually, but under the ABA rules a properly identified song is enough. "We should get a Swainson's warbler around here," Tucker said. Magically, as if the bird had been listening, the five clear notes of the little warbler rang out. "Everybody recognize it?" Tucker asked. (The ABA rule is somewhat difficult to interpret on this matter, but most birders take it to mean that 95% of the species recorded must be identified by every member of the group. This was the way Uncle Joe's crew understood it.) Everybody recognized the warbler's song.

At first light birds came thick and fast: the group was scoring at a rate of 1.6 species a minute, and an overall rate of one every three minutes during actual birding time in daylight was all that was needed to crack the world record. The Houston woodlands yielded 45 in all. Time to head for Galveston, picking up whatever chance species the drive yielded.

At the planning meeting Tucker had said, "There'll be, uh, some creative driving this trip." He was entirely right about that. To the imminent peril of other cars on Route 146, and later on Interstate 10, he slammed the car to a halt whenever something of interest turned up along the road. Once it was a hawk on a telephone pole, difficult to identify, even through binoculars, because it was hunched with its head down. If you are a birder you know what to do about this.

Like a grenade man detached from his

squad to take out a sniper, Jon Dunn rolled out of the car, sidled across the road and moved up on the hawk, using available cover. Stooping, he picked up a piece of pipe and hurled it at the hawk. The bird flapped away, showing all its markings: Swainson's hawk.

The Houston Ship Channel docks yielded a red-breasted merganser, apparently unmindful that it was swimming on the surface of one of the most heavily polluted bodies of water in the U.S. The team hurtled through Bay Town and Texas City. Amid the shipping in Galveston it found a glorious roseate spoonbill. And then the station wagon was screaming to a halt at Kemper Park in the city, alongside an old mansion almost submerged in greenery, a crumbling pile that looked like a Fellini film set. This was the place for migrant warblers. Three days earlier, when Tucker checked it out, it yielded 19 species of warbler.

But now came the first piece of really bad luck. The warblers had left for the north. The birders checked off only four species. And when they moved off again, to run along the beaches of Galveston Island, Tucker was downcast. "The world record has probably slipped away," he said. "We've lost at least 20 species here."

The North American record, though, still appeared to be within their grasp. And the Lear was ready and waiting at the airport. As the jet climbed almost vertically, Tucker was muttering over the checklist. "One hundred fifteen," he announced finally. "I'd aimed at 130 by the time we boarded the plane." By now it was past 9:30 a.m. The team was half an hour behind schedule. And at the next stop, at Rockport, they fell even farther behind the clock.

That was, Tucker confessed later, because they enjoyed themselves too much, because the birding was so magnificent. The total they achieved was outstanding: 42 species, some of them what birders laconically call "good." Meaning rare. A grasshopper sparrow for example. A buff-breasted sandpiper and an upland sandpiper. A purple gallinule, an imperially hued member of the coot family. Osage Bay, the last stop before the rendezvous with the jet at Corpus Christi, was particularly rich: almost the whole family of plovers, from semipalmated to Wilson's, turned up. But by the time the team was in the Lear again, they were 90 minutes behind schedule.

On board, a hasty conference. The ne-



tional record was still a strong possibility, but the schedule would have to be amended. At the next stop, the Rio Grande, only 15 minutes' birding would be possible. And the time in Arizona would be cut to one hour.

They figured without the Lear and its crew. They had been told the flying time to McAllen would be 20 minutes. It took 35. Instead of keeping to a low altitude for the short hop, the jet took time to climb to 30,000 feet and to descend again.

And the birding at Santa Ana, on the Rio Grande, was disappointing also. Because they were so late arriving, they had hit the dead time of the day—the warm, humid noontime when the birds just shut down for their siesta. Only seven species did Santa Ana yield.

But the really bad news came once the team was airborne again, on its way to Ramsay Canyon in the Huachuca Mountains. Steve Oresman spoke to the pilot, then came back and broke it. "A head wind of 150 knots," he said. "It's going to be three hours to Fort Huachuca, not two."

The mountains around Huachuca were magnificent, redolent of history, of Cochise's last stand for the Apaches, but by now Uncle Joe's team was a little too sick at heart to appreciate them: the birders, too, seemed to be heading for certain defeat. On the ground, locals who had volunteered to drive the team up into Ramsay Canyon had been patiently waiting for hours, and as soon as the jet pulled up they had the team aboard. The chance of even the national record now was slim, but it was still there, barely.

And it flickered to life a little more when it became plain that the birders had hit a good hummingbird day. Of the 20 species on the North American list, eight were identified. A hen golden eagle sat on her aerial on the high cliffs. In all, 18 species were added. Now the list was up to 182 and in an hour the team was back in the jet again. Dunn, a young professional birding guide, second only in California to the great Guy McCoskie, had maybe an hour only to show his skills when the team got to San Diego, but there might be something to be squeezed from the dark hours as well. The 24 hours would not be up until midnight, Pacific time.

On this leg, though, the Lear did not seem to gain height as swiftly as it had done before. Indeed, within minutes it was descending again. With despair, the birders realized that they were heading



The Poligon, with the team in tow, splattered through a salt marsh at the beginning of the quest

straight into Tucson, only 40 miles away. Had to pick up gas, the pilot explained airily. None at Fort Huachuca.

It was the last bitter blow. The birders managed to swallow the explanation that the plane hadn't been flown to Tucson for gas while they were in the canyon because it would have been too heavily laden to land again at Huachuca. But why hadn't arrangements been made ahead for a fuel supply at the Arizona field? Well, uh, said the company later, we were playing it by ear, we had to check as we went.

The birders were hardly mollified. They had made the schedule months before and had confirmed it days ahead. They had gone over it once from the hotel in Houston the previous day. Now the chance of even the national record was gone. It would be dark long before they got to San Diego. No point in going to California at all.

Birders, however, are made of stern stuff. Even while the crew of the Lear was looking for fuel at Tucson, even while it was discovering that the base operator there had run dry, even after it had found some at the plane manufacturer's own establishment, even after

their plane had to be pushed around manually because it had been parked the wrong way, even after someone had departed with the pilot's credit card to check that it was O.K. to let him have fuel—even after all this, Uncle Joe's team kept at it, scanning the darkening airfield with binoculars.

And scoring. When Taylor said he thought he heard a quail call, Jim Tucker let out a cry of triumph. "Hey! On that sandpile! Gambel quail!" Game to the end, the others gathered around and confirmed the sighting—183. A gleam came into Tucker's eye. "The owls," he said. "The Mount Palomar owls. We could still get those. We could turn a searchlight on the surf, maybe get some scoter ducks." Like one of Cochise's braves, he was ready to charge single-handed, go out fighting. "Get those birds!" he said like a man in a trance. "Check 'em off!"

Uncle Joe talked him out of it. There would be other Big Days. They had learned a lot, not least about air travel. And Steve Oresman had a contribution. "The Concorde," he mused aloud. "You could do Southeast England. Then Long Island. . ."

END



Any sport that lays even shaky claim to being an organized one has a secretariat: that is, a cadre of arrangers concerned with who plays when and where; with drumming up crowds to watch; with reporting what happened; with testifying to and preserving records for posterity; and with what has come to be called promotion. Often the members of a secretariat outnumber the contestants, and they tend to multiply rapidly. For example, there are fewer professional baseball players than there were 50 years ago, but many more front-office operatives, flacks, advertising persons, lawyers and score-board mechanics, and today there are agents, hypnotists, color commentators and Free-Bat/Wes-T-Shirt specialists as well. The growth of a sport can usually be measured in terms of the growth of its secretariat.

There are heartening exceptions to this rule, however. One involves the decathlon. Admittedly, this is not a large sporting enterprise, but neither is it obscure like dump-truck drag racing, nor absurd, like Pro-Am Celebrity Rafting. There is always a small group of devotees who take it very seriously—so seriously that decathletes are regarded as eccentric zealots even within the track-and-field establishment, where the bizarre is commonplace. Furthermore, every four years nearly everyone takes the decathlon seriously, the Olympic winner being widely, if temporarily, acclaimed as the world's premier athlete. It is not only a dignified, well-established endeavor but one that in this country is enjoying genuine growth. Only 65 Americans took part in organized decathlons in 1967, and there were only 13 domestic meets in which they could compete. Last year there were 200 decathlon contests in this country and 1,000 participants.

Ten years ago the sport had only a temporary, jury-rigged secretariat, arrangements being handled either by coaches and contestants or by minor bureaucrats within large track-and-field bodies who, in terms of importance, tended to rate 10-eventers somewhere between 24-hour runners and race walkers. Now the decathlon has its own aggressive secretariat,

thanks largely to—and consisting largely of—a 36-year-old economics professor, Frank Zarnowski. Few other sports can claim such a lean balance between arrangers and participants.

Among other things, Dr. Zarnowski (he took a Ph.D. at Lehigh last year) is the chief executive officer of DECA. What is DECA? "That is what the IRS is asking," says Zarnowski. "I'm trying to explain to them that it is a nonprofit organization to encourage decathletes."

During the past decade Zarnowski has

Figure filbert Frank Zarnowski serves as historian and mother hen to the oftentimes neglected decathlon corps  
by **BIL GILBERT**

## HE'S EVERY INCH A DECATHLUT

organized, officiated at, publicized and sometimes footed the bills for dozens of junior, senior, collegiate, all-comers and international decathlon meets. For the past two years he has been Head of Delegation for U.S. teams competing against foreign ones. He is, as far as is known, the world's only freelance professional decathlon announcer. He is the only American academic to organize and teach a course—two credits—in decathlon appreciation. Participation in an indoor decathlon constituted the final examination, and to encourage his scholars, Zarnowski entered, making his first and only competitive appearance in the sport. He scored an unimpressive 3,875 points; his high jump—4' 6"—killed him. Nevertheless, the mark stands as an indoor record for economics professors.

Beyond these official if improbable activities, Zarnowski is, without close competition, the leading literary figure in the decathlon world. He is the author of two books on the decathlon, and the publisher, editor, chief correspondent and circulation manager of both a monthly decathlon newsletter and a decathlon yearbook. These publications are distributed to a small (about 300) but fiercely organized group of decathletes scattered from the sands of San-

ta Barbara to the banks of the Volga.

The journals are chock-full of meet announcements and results, training schedules, manifestos about the inequities of scoring tables, decathlon diets, social notes about decathletes and some of the most esoteric and entertaining statistics to be found anywhere within sport. Careful reading of the Zarnowski publications discloses that since the sport commenced in 1912, 55 men have scored 8,000 points or more in the decathlon; that the 314th-best performance of all time (7,728 points) was turned in by a former Roman College student, Dick Emberger, in 1964; that Don Bragg set the non-fiber-glass pole vault decathlon record in 1961 with a leap of 15' 1 1/2"; that the national record holder of the Fiji Islands is Vilume Saulekaleka with 5,471 points; that Heikki and Hanni Kyyösola of Finland hold the world record (15,594) for the best combined effort by brothers; that the Mulkeys, Phil and Phil Jr., of the U.S., are the world father-son champions, with 14,548, which gives them a slim lead of 97 points over the Jewlews, senior and junior, of the U.S.S.R.

Journalism aside, Zarnowski's influence within the sport rests largely on the fact that he is acquainted in intimate statistical detail with virtually every decath-

continued

*Despite the weather, Zarnowski (left) was in his element with the decathletes at the Drake Relays.*





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break the 52-second barrier he will establish a record for the most points scored on the first day of competition by an American undergraduate.

"Actually," continues Zarnowski in conversational tones, "Hamsring is a dog. All his strength is in the first day. He is probably going to end up with a total of less than 6,500, because on the second day he figures to no-height in the vault and run 5:30 in the 1,500 meters. But nobody in the crowd knows that. All of a sudden they have somebody doing something significant, shooting for a record. They start yelling and pushing in along the track. Hamsring gets hyped and runs a 51.9, which is a PB [personal best] by maybe two seconds. Everybody has a good time."

With the assistance and encouragement of Bert Nelson, Zarnowski soon had mined much more of this sort of statistical ore than even the glibbest announcer could use in a two-day decathlon. The DECA newsletters and annual were created more or less as a means of absorbing this valuable resource and sharing it with decathlons everywhere. And they are out there. Take Fuvio Regli of Switzerland, one of Zarnowski's most prolific international correspondents. Recently Regli wrote to point out politely the possible omission of Runar Stone from the list of over-7,000 point performers in the U.S. Regli said he had reason to believe that in April 1936, Stone of "San Francisco State Teach" racked up 7,025 points, though at the time he had been erroneously credited, Regli suspected, with a 7,047 total. "This is mysterious [sic] performances reported in Finnish [sic] newspapers. I believe Runar Stone released this decathlon at SPAAN!" The Swiss specialist asked for clarification. This being a serious omission, Zarnowski is currently checking into the matter.

However, there are some inquiries that even he finds excessively bizarre, e.g., a request for the top world performances by left-handed black decathletes. "We do have our standards, even though they are weird ones," is how he explains his refusal to be dragged into this particular statistical thicket.

"I've been accused of inventing records," says Zarnowski, "but I think 'establishing' is a classier word. The performances are already there. I just call attention to them."

A particularly creative effort of this

sort was largely motivated by the desire to give some deserved recognition to Marra, Zarnowski's former roommate, who is now the women's track coach at Springfield (Mass.) College. "I always thought Harry came as close as anyone to performing up to his potential," comments Zarnowski. "The trouble was he didn't have much potential. Mostly, he was too small—5' 5" and about 140."

To partially correct this natural injustice, Zarnowski accumulated data about the weight of individual decathletes, then divided this figure into the number of career points that they had scored. According to this formula, Harry Marra ranks fifth on the world points-per-pound DECA record list.

One of Zarnowski's finest moments as a decathlon record establisher, announcer and promoter occurred at a U.S.-U.S.S.R. meet held in 1977 at Bloomington, Ind. A Swedish correspondent had recently informed him that one Inge Hermansson of that nation, during the course of 16 competitive years, had taken part in 68 decathlons and amassed a career total of 453,418 points—a world record in this category, the Swedish stat man claimed. Zarnowski noted, much to his pleasure, that in preparing for the Bloomington event a veteran U.S. performer, Rex Harvey, had competed in 67 previous decathlons and was within 5,000 or so points of Hermansson. "Rex was only seventh on our eight-man team, but I pushed his record attempt hard all during that meet," says Zarnowski. "It came down to the javelin, and I announced that if he could throw 110 feet or something ridiculous like that he would have scored more points in the decathlon than anyone who ever lived. He did, of course, and everyone went wild. The wire services picked it up, and the next day all over the country the headlines about the meet were HARVEY SETS NEW WORLD MARK. Then there would be a couple of lines about what else happened. That is great power."

Another ploy at Bloomington worked out less well—at least for Zarnowski. He had prevailed upon a Slavic language expert to write out, phonetically, a few simple announcements: "Welcome to beautiful Bloomington," "First call to the discus" and the like. These he memorized and announced at appropriate moments. "The Americans didn't understand a word, but they thought it was a

class act. The Russians were pleased that I even tried—nobody else had before."

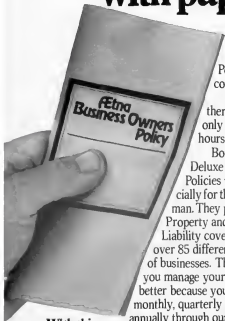
After the meet the Russian delegation, in appreciation, whisked Zarnowski off to an all-night vodka party. Normally a teetotaler, he says he gave it his best shot in the interest of international amity, but the final results were disastrous. "The next morning I was paralyzed," Zarnowski says clinically. "The Russians were worried or sorry or something and dug around in their luggage and found a gold medal of some sort. When I could stand up they gave it to me—they said 'for being good friend and drunk.'"

Zarnowski's position as a one-man secretariat was formalized in the summer of 1978 when he was chosen to head a U.S. delegation of decathletes and officials to the U.S.S.R. "Our team was very young and inexperienced—a lot of the older guys were hurt or couldn't go—so I figured we would get shellacked," says Zarnowski of the experience. "But that was not what worried me. The main problem was that most of them were so green they showed up at my office without even birth certificates, let alone passports. I grabbed all the papers they had—drivers licenses, social security cards, student ID cards, anything—and headed down to Washington. The afternoon before we were scheduled to leave, I was driving through heavy traffic between the State Department and the Soviet Embassy filling out reams of forms, more or less establishing credentials for everyone" (Among other idiosyncrasies, Zarnowski not only reads but also corrects examination papers—or visa forms—while driving an automobile. To date, while driving and reading, he has not yet come across his own obituary.) "After we got to Donetsk it was a picnic. I told the Russians I had retired as an international drinker and just sat back and watched us get beat."

A few months later Zarnowski had a chance to get competitive if not administrative revenge on the bureaucrats. Early in 1979 the Russians sent a cable asking that the U.S. sponsor a seven-event indoor meet in late March for both men and women. "We said O.K.," says Zarnowski, who was again tapped to head the U.S. delegation, "but when we accepted we didn't have a place to hold the meet. I called all over and finally got West Point to take it. They have a great facility, and the Army coach, John Randolph, is a super organizer."

continued

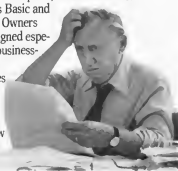
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"But there was a problem about the team because we didn't have time for a qualifying meet. I played with the stats and worked out a formula for ranking our 15 best available performers, then started calling to see who we could get. It was a little subjective, but there was only one had beef—from a coach who was very hot about how I could leave his tiger off the team. I said it wasn't hard because there were 15 guys with better numbers.

"The meet was great. We won by 47 points out of a total of 65,817. Otherwise it was a little hectic. I'm the only one the Russians know, so they were hanging around all the time with crises. 'Frank, how to call Moscow?' 'Frank, where to buy Teddy bear?' Mostly what they wanted was to get a day to cut loose in New York City. That wasn't on the schedule, and West Point is not very flexible about changing plans. Also, there wasn't any transportation and they didn't have enough American money. I rented them a bus, found them a fleabag hotel in New York and loaned them a couple hundred bucks I had with me.

"At 5:30 in the morning, the day after the meet, we started for the city. But when we got there somebody started counting their bodies. They counted about 10 times and then told me, 'Frank, two missing.'

"I called West Point. The two guys were still sleeping. I got a major to wake them up and put them on a bus. He gave them a Playboy. They didn't know any English, but that kept them happy until they got to the bus terminal in New York. I met them there and took them over to the hotel. I said they were on their own after that and I split. I guess they got back to Moscow, but who knows?"

Since then, Zarnowski has been relaxing more or less by and with the numbers: working on a decathlon encyclopedia, arranging a few intercollegiate decathlon-by-mail contests, dickering with a TV producer to film a 30-minute decathlon special, preparing a revision of the standard decathlon scoring tables, which the American delegation will submit to the international governing body. "Somebody has an idea we might be able to use computers and adjust the points each year to reflect new scoring trends in different events. If we did, that would really give us some numbers to work with," says the DECA secretariat with considerable statistical anticipation. **END**



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## PEERING INTO THE PRO PSYCHE

It is a drizzly night in the Los Angeles Coliseum, months before the pro football camps will open. Except for a security guard or two, the 71,414 seats are empty. But the lights are on, and down on the grass two teams are going at it. A quarterback keeps fading back to pass and keeps getting sacked on play after play. It is as if a spectator has somehow wandered into Joe Namath's cruellest nightmare.

But those are movie cameras shooting the action, not TV. And that portly line coach is not a coach at all, but actor Charles Durning. The Coliseum this night is merely a gigantic set. Hollywood hates to see pro football players unemployed in the off-season, so the studios make football films, or, at least, films with football backgrounds: *Bran's Song*, *The Longest Yard*, *Black Sunday*, *Two-Minute Warning*, *Heaven Can Wait*.

This latest is *North Dallas Forty*, from the 1973 novel by ex-Dallas Cowboy Peter Gent, a picture due to open in August. Big, athletic-looking actors have the major roles, which figures, but no fewer than 19 active or recently retired NFL players have signed on, and many of them—Tommy Reamon of the San Francisco 49ers and John Matuszak of the Oakland Raiders, for example—have good speaking parts. Producer Frank Yablans says they are doing an excellent job, and he promises that the football action in *North Dallas Forty* will be the best ever seen in a movie.

Yablans figures that making a war movie would be a lot easier. Just hire a platoon in Spain "and put some soldiers out and have them form boxes and shoot." Logistically, he says, "This has been a horror, the toughest one we've ever been involved in. We're shooting at night with a very short focal lens on the action, so everything else goes into a blur and a maze of colors. That way we don't have to use all those extras to fill the stands."

"What we're looking to do is make a football game from a subjective point of view, a player's point of view, rather than the spectator's. We have cameras that are shooting up through the huddle into faces, cameras shooting through a lineman's legs into the defense, snorkel cameras that are moving up and down the line."

A great deal of the screen time in the movie, including the 5½ minutes of football action, will feature Nick Nolte (pictured left), who plays Phil Elliott, a veteran player (and pot smoker and pill popper) beset by injuries. Nolte has reasonably good acting credentials, lead parts in the movies *Who'll Stop the Rain?* and *The Deep* and the television mini-series *Rich Man, Poor Man*. And his football credentials aren't bad, either. Nolte attended five different colleges, Arizona State Coach Frank Kush vaguely remembers him on the Sun Devil freshman team, but Nolte played his best football in 1959 at Eastern Arizona JC in Thatcher, where he gunned and played quarterback. Coaches remember that he made a long kickoff return against New Mexico Military Academy. In 1961 he was punter and defensive back at Pasadena City College and made two interceptions. Now, 18 years later, he is a receiver for the North Dallas Bulls. To make sure he looks authentic, he hired a tutor, Fred Bleitnickoff, a 14-year veteran of the Oakland Raiders.

"I think the whole thing about the book is that it shows the inside of football—what a ballplayer has to do to play every Sunday," Bleitnickoff says. "It's what a ballplayer has to do regarding injuries. It isn't a matter of deciding if you can play. It's deciding what you have to do to get out there and play."

Nolte is "pretty much a natural athlete," said Bleitnickoff. "He catches the ball well, runs patterns well, and he has a fine natural run that makes him look like a receiver."

Yablans, Nolte, Bleitnickoff and author Gent, among others, watch the rushes every night, and all say they are pleased. "We pay the players so much a day when they hit and so much a day when they don't," says Yablans. "So they have the incentive. Plus, we are awarding bonuses for the play of the film and the catch of the film and the hit of the film. So they're all revved up."

"The catches that Nick makes are good catches, very realistic," says Bleitnickoff. "The thing I get out of it is seeing him come off really well on the screen. It's been a long time since the actor has gone in to do a film about athletics, in any sport, and looked pretty natural. I want to get it to the point where, when football players are watching this film, they'll say, 'That's Nick Nolte, an actor, but he looks like a football player.'"

END

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When Fred Lynn's name reappeared atop a list of American League hitting leaders a couple of weeks ago—this time the category was home runs—a guy with a microphone asked him, "Where exactly did you go after 1975?"

The answer, of course, was that in 1976, '77 and '78 Lynn had been right there in the Red Sox lineup. Last year he hit .298 with 22 homers and 82 RBIs, started the All-Star Game in centerfield and earned a Gold Glove for defensive excellence. Despite this outstanding performance, Lynn had, in the view of many fans, all but disappeared since '75. In fact, so many of Boston's unforgiving rooters kept jabbering about how he had let them down that even Lynn began believing it. "I feel as if I'm starting all over again," he says. "It's as if I no longer know exactly what my capabilities are."

When Lynn first appeared in Boston, his talents seemed limitless, and he became the first player to be named MVP as a rookie. He was mentioned in the same breath with DiMaggio and Musial, and with a .331 average, 21 home runs and 105 RBIs in his first season, he had no reason to doubt those comparisons. Now, at 27, all he knows is that there's nothing he can do about the curse of having "unlimited potential"; what he is trying to do is play an entire season making full use of the capabilities he possesses.

Lynn's personal high for home runs in a season is 22, which he had last year. At the end of last week, after 18 games, Lynn already had hit eight. His barrage began on Opening Day with a shot through the cold, damp east wind at Fenway Park and continued on a colder, damper day in Cleveland when he hit two. Thereafter he had a ninth-inning, two-run drive that beat Milwaukee, and last week in Seattle's Kingdome, that HO-scale ball park, he became the third player to hit a ball into the third deck. As Lynn's home-run total climbed, so did the Red Sox, who took the American League East lead and accumulated a team-record 12 wins in April.

There are technical reasons for Lynn's sudden burst of power. He has dropped

## New big socker for the Sox

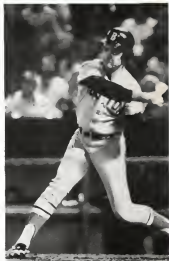
*In seeking to increase his stamina, Fred Lynn also has strengthened his stroke*

his hands to quicken his swing and gone back to upper-cutting the ball, "the way I remembered doing in home-run-hitting contests." But the main reason for his increased power is obvious from a glance at him. He is decidedly more muscular as the result of off-season sessions on a Nautilus weight-training machine.

"At the end of last season I looked back over my career and tried to evaluate it," says Lynn. "It took me four years to appreciate what a physical grind a major league season is. In 1975 nothing seemed real. It was all a daze. Even that day in Detroit when I had three homers and 10 RBIs seemed like just another day. I got tired and wore down that year in August, but I didn't think about it much. I opened my stance, didn't stride, hit to leftfield and kept going, so my average stayed up. The next two years were hard to learn from."

In 1976 Lynn indulged in what Bostonians regarded as heresy by hassling over his contract with owner Tom Yawkey until early August. Despite the confusion and the fan animosity the controversy engendered, Lynn hit .314. In 1977 he tore ligaments in his left ankle in spring training and limped through a .260 season.

Then came 1978. He was hitting .331—ah, his rookie-year figure—at the All-Star break. Even on August 1, his average was as high as .323. "Then I felt as if someone had let the air out of me," he says. He hit .257 over the last nine weeks, and as the Red Sox slid from their nine-game lead of late July to a second-place finish, Lynn became the main scapegoat.



Lynn's eight homers are the most in the league

"It takes a few years to appreciate how difficult it is to stay strong over the grind," Lynn says, "especially for a player like me who has a college background. While a kid who signs out of high school plays every day in the minors, a college guy plays three times a week. So I decided to dedicate the winter to preparing myself for the full season." He gave up fishing—as with Ted Williams and Carl Yastrzemski, it is his first love—and off-season baseball. Instead, he pumped Nautilus equipment three times a week from October to February, the first time he had ever lifted weights. When he showed up for spring training, Lynn had put on only a few pounds but he was so much bulkier that Sox announcer Ken Harrelson, spotting Lynn from behind, asked Manager Don Zimmer who the new man was.

"The idea wasn't to hit home runs but to play to my capabilities all season,"

*continued*

Lynn says, "But there has to be a more than coincidental relationship between my strength and the home runs. It surprises me, considering my previous home-run totals and our park." Fenway is a batter's paradise for everyone but a lefthanded pull hitter. In September 1974, when Lynn first came up from the minors, he was a dead pull hitter who used a big, heavy bat. He took one cut at a major league fastball, looked around at the ball park and decided to use a lighter bat—and all parts of the field, especially the Monster that lurks behind shortstop. "Now I think I'm strong enough to go both ways," says Lynn, who will stay on a weight program throughout the season.

Lynn's early home runs have not only brought his name back into prominence, they also may have brought him out of the shadow of Jim Rice. When they were the Gold Dust Twins of 1975, Lynn was the more golden; since then, the greater dazzle has emanated from Rice. "People have compared us since we arrived in the majors," says Lynn. "They've tried to make it seem as if we're competing. I've played with—not competed with—Jimmy since the day I signed and reported to Double A in 1973. He and I are completely different types of players, and I think we complement each other because of it. After all, it's supposed to be a team game, not an individual competition."

This year, for the first time since mid-1976, Lynn and Rice have been reunited in the middle of the batting order. In '75 Lynn hit fourth, Rice third. Since then, Lynn has batted second, where he tried to become a punch hitter, and sixth, where he ended up leading the Sox in intentional walks. Now he bats third, Rice fourth. "So far I haven't gotten all that many better pitches to hit," he claims, "but then I started off hitting home runs. But over the course of the season, when Jimmy's on one of his tears and I'm down, it's going to make a considerable difference in what I get to swing at. It can only help both of us—and the club."

Last year not only taught Lynn a great lesson but it also wore off whatever rust remained from his rookie year. "I don't really feel like I was the scapegoat," he says, but the severity of his injuries and his gumption were openly questioned. "A lot of people think I don't try, but it's my style. They claim I don't run hard because I hope I can run with

anyone. People don't know what I'm thinking because I don't show emotion. But that's the way I think the game should be played. It requires too much concentration for emotion. My dad was happy last May when I blew up in Detroit [Lynn was thrown out of a game and suspended for three days for protesting a called third strike], but what good does outward emotion do if it disrupts your performance? Sometimes I'm confused about what Easterners want from a player."

What Lynn wants is to stay healthy and strong. "That's what this winter was all about, and if I do, then I think I can have a great year. I don't consider this to be a great start, because I haven't hit for average. I'm batting only .262 now, but I know I can hit .331 again. I don't know what my home-run capabilities are. Thirty would be a lot, but who knows? Maybe all this will lead to 35 or 40."

"Ever since '75 I've lived with an aura of failure—or at least letdown—hovering over me. Well, I think I've learned how to cope. Now, if I can just stay healthy, I'll finally begin to find out just what my 'unlimited potential' really is."

## THE WEEK

(April 22-28)

by JIM KAPLAN

**NL EAST** Richie Hebner of the Mets was on first and Frank Taveras was on third, with one out in the first, when it happened: Lee Mazzilli of New York (3-1) hit a line drive to right center. Giant Rightfielder Jack Clark made a backhanded catch and First Base Umpire Phil Loquistier, pumping his arm several times, signaled an out. But when Clark tried to switch the ball to his throwing hand, the ball popped loose. As Taveras tagged up and scored, Loquistier, one of the college umps who is substituting for the idle big league umpires, again signaled out. Hebner, assuming the ball was in play despite the ruling, moved to second as Mazzilli pulled into first. At this point, Giant Second Baseman Bill Madlock took a throw from Clark and stepped on first for an apparent double play. There followed a 28-minute delay in which 1) New York Manager Joe Torre got the umpires to reverse Loquistier's decision, leaving Hebner at second and Mazzilli at first; 2) San Francisco Manager Joe Altobelli induced the crew to reverse itself and proclaim a double play; and 3) the discomfited umps retreated under

the stands for consultation with their supervisor, Tom Gorman. Finally they compromised by ruling Mazzilli was out but that Hebner would stay on first. The reason, according to Gorman, who spoke for the closeted umpires, was that the Giants had not appealed for a double play. But Gorman admitted he had never seen such a compromise in his 40 years in baseball.

The dispute—witnessed by 10,730 fans at Shea Stadium, including embarrassed National League President Club Feeney—was undoubtedly the low point of the season for the substitute umpires. From a public-relations standpoint, the timing was atrocious. The club owners had just concluded a meeting in New York at which they reaffirmed their support for the league presidents, who continued to refuse to negotiate despite the job action by the regular umpires. "I wish the 26 club owners had remained in New York," wrote Dick Young in the New York Daily News, "to observe how things are going, to hear the fans boo the ineptitude, to see what you get when you hire cheap help."

The owners scarcely improved their position when they announced long-term contracts with ABC and NBC to televise late-season games. The ABC deal was a renegotiation of an existing contract, which is just what the umpires want. And the two deals should more than double baseball's annual TV revenue of \$92 million, making the umpires' demand of \$200,000 per club seem trivial. "Teams spend that much for office parties," said Pitcher Steve Rogers of the Expos. "Wick Temple of the Associated Press suggested that baseball could save that much by cutting out free food and beer in the press box."

By contrast, Philadelphia (4-2) and Los Angeles played a model series, their first since the 1978 playoffs. The Phillies won all three games in heart-stopping style—4-3 in the 10th when Mike Schmidt singled home Larry Bowa, 7-6 in the 10th when Bowa scored Pitcher Ron Reed from second with a single. Reed just beating the throw with a rare slide, and 5-4 in the ninth on Pete Rose's single.

The Phillies' week cast a pall over Pittsburgh (2-2). In the 1976-77 seasons the Pirates played an aggregate of just three games better than .500 in April, and each year the Phillies won the division. This season the last-place Pirates are five games under .500 and the first-place Phillies, with a club-record 12 wins in April, are seven over.

Montreal (4-1) matched Philadelphia with a club-record dozen wins for April. Even Ellis Valentine's four-game suspension—three games for bumping an umpire, one for refusing to take batting practice—paid off. His substitute in rightfield, Jerry White, drove in six runs in 12 at bats.

St. Louis (4-1), 16-32 in one-run games last season, took three of them. The Cardinals beat Cincinnati 4-3 on run-scoring sin-



gies by Ken Reitz and Ted Simmons in the eighth inning and then got two 10th-inning victories over Atlanta, 3-2 on Jerry Mumphrey's single and 6-5 on Simmons' homer.

The Cubs (2-3) got three homers from Dave Kingman and a 4-0 shutout of Houston from Dennis Lamp. Ending a confusing week, the Mets climbed out of last but lost righthander Pat Zachry to the disabled list with an irritated nerve in his right forearm.

PHIL 12-5 MONT 12-5 ST. L. 9-8  
CH17-9 NY 6-9 PIT 6-11

**NL WEST** While first-place Houston went 3-1, last-place Atlanta (3-2) was the division's only other team with a winning record. In truth, the Braves lucked their way to a better-than-500 week, as Jeff Burroughs won a 3-2 game against St. Louis with a checked-swing double. It was a rare break for hard-luck Phil Niekro, who recorded his 199th major league victory. Niekro has a 2-4 record despite a sparkling 2.87 earned run average.

The expected contenders were dead-enders. In Montreal, San Francisco (0-5) Manager Joe Altobelli shook up his lineup, im-

#### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**KEN SINGLETON:** The Orioles' rightfielder hit .500, with eight runs batted in, six runs scored, four homers, two doubles and one game-winning RBI. In six of Baltimore's seven games, he rapped out two or more hits

setting such sublimaries as Larry Herndon and John Tammage. The newcomers may have thought they were playing the Montreal Alouettes, because they gave up two touchdowns and lost 14-8.

Opening the Dodgers' 2-3 week, Don Sutton struck out 12 Giants in a 9-2 win to pass Sandy Koufax and become No. 17 on the career list. Sutton now has 2,402 strikeouts in 13 seasons. Ending the week, Bud Hosken defeated the Mets 3-1. In between, L.A. could have used its departed stopper, Tommy John, who went to the Yankees as a free agent. "He was the secret to beating the Reds and Phillies," said Pete Rose. "All he had to do was throw his glove on the field." Missing disabled Reliever Terry Forster as well, the Dodgers lost three one-run games at Philadelphia. Cincinnati (1-4) got its only win when George Foster scored on a Cardinal wild pitch. San Diego (1-4) stayed afloat only because John D'Aquino pitched six innings of one-hit relief during a 5-0 beating of Philadelphia. More typical of Padre play was the uncharacteristic performance of Rolfe Fingers, who made two costly balls in a 9-6 loss to Montreal. Even so, Manager Roger Craig was sanguine. "We're having problems," he said, "but so are the Reds, Dodgers and Gi-

ants." Indeed, in the first full week of interdivisional play, the West won only eight of 25 games.

HOUS 14-5 CIN 10-10 SF 9-12  
LA 9-12 SD 9-12 ATL 7-12

## AL EAST

Baseball's hottest team, Baltimore (6-1), moved from fifth to third and extended its winning streak to nine before being beaten 8-5 by Oakland. And to what did the Orioles say they owed their resurgence? To sharp pitching? To a tight defense? To timely hitting? No. To superstition. The streak began on a day when Coach Frank Robinson took the lineup card to the umpires. Naturally, there was no thought of replacing Robby, who rarely performs this chore, while the Orioles kept winning. Of more significance were Eddie Murray, who extended his hitting streak to 11 games, and the pitching staff, which allowed two runs a game during the six wins.

Milwaukee (4-2) also cited luck for its success. On a .119 start, Outfielder Gorman Thomas went 10 for 17 over a five-game stretch and hit .476 for the week, raising his average to .254. "A lot of it is luck," he said. Actually, some of it was luck. Thomas fouled up a 2-2 pitch, which Toronto Catcher Rick Cerone caught, apparently for an out. But Umpire Rich Pines insisted that Thomas had not ticked the ball, and the pitch was called a ball. On the next delivery Thomas hit a three-run homer.

Toronto's only victory in six outings came on a 2-0 one-hitter by Dave Lemaczynski. Rick Bosetti went 5 for 5 in one game, a first for a Blue Jay at home, but Toronto fans are more likely to remember what he did the following day. Bosetti singled into a double play. With the bases loaded and one out, he drove in the run that gave Toronto an 8-5 lead over Milwaukee. Unfortunately, in attempting to stretch a single, Bosetti headed for second, which was occupied. During the ensuing run-downs, Rick Cerone was caught between third and home and Bosetti was nabbed trying to get back to first.

In the continuing saga of the Not-So-Golden Goose, the Yankees (2-3) fired Pitcher Goose Gossage and substitute Catcher Cliff Johnson 10 days' pay each for their fight the previous week. The fines—\$18,603 for Gossage and \$5,586 for Johnson—were surprising in light of disclosures that Johnson may have initiated not only this bout but also a couple of others. According to the New York Daily News, Johnson went after Gossage with a pie in his hand during spring training. Gossage reportedly fell down during that incident and was prevented from signing his throwing arm only because Infielder Fred Stanley cushioned the fall. And shortly after the brawl in which Gossage was hurt, Johnson was seen wrestling with Centerfielder Mickey Rivers. All in good fun, said John-

son, who calls himself a "playful puppy."

There was nothing amusing about the Yankees' play without Gossage, who underwent thumb surgery after the fight and will be out two months. With Ron Gaudry struggling to hold a 5-0 lead over the Mariners, Gossage's short-relief substitute, Dick Tidrow, came in and gave up three home runs, and the Yankees lost 6-5.

Helping Boston (4-2) almost as much as Fred Lynn was the pitching and bench Jim Wright came off the disabled list and threw 5½ no-hit innings en route to a 4-1 win over Seattle, rookie Utility infielder Larry Woffe's sacrifice fly beat the Mariners 4-3 in 12, and Butch Hobson started his first game of the season and hit a shot off a Kingdome speaker located 110 feet above the field and about 320 feet from the plate. Because there is no ground-rule double provision for balls hit in the air, Hobson leaped to hit the third.

The biggest news in Cleveland (2-4) and Detroit (2-3) was off the field. Tiger Designated Hitter Rusty Staub, heretofore a hold-out, and Pitcher Mark Fidrych, heretofore an invalid, will be returning to action this week. And in Cleveland there were continuing reports that Manager Jeff (Too Nice A Guy) Torborg would be immediately dismissed. The talk obscured eminent slugging by Andre Thornton (.333), three homers and 10 RBIs) and Bobby Bonds (.391, three homers and six RBIs).

BOS 12-6 MIL 11-6 BAL 12-9 NY 10-9  
DET 7-8 TOR 6-13 CLE 5-13

## AL WEST

"Give me a chance to play regular," said Kansas City (6-1) Centerfielder Willie Wilson. "and I'll amaze you. I'll hit, I'll steal, I'll make fantastic catches." Given the chance, Wilson made two errors but also got five hits, five stolen bases and one clutch assist in two days.

The division was full of surprises: Texas (2-4) turned a club-record five double plays in a 5-0 victory over Toronto, Oakland (3-2) rookie Pitcher Craig Minetto, late of the Italian leagues, beat the Yankees 1-0 on his 25th birthday, and California (2-4) Reliever Mark Clever pitched five innings of two-hit ball to beat Boston 8-6. The strangest event of all occurred in Chicago (2-5), which has not been Texas' kind of town. The Rangers, who have lost nine of their last 10 games there, were blown out by a witches' brew of word numbers: The White Sox won 11-0, getting 15 hits in 38' weather. In another numerological delight, Minnesota (3-2) hitters had 26 singles without getting an extra-base hit, while Jerry Koosman's fourth win exceeded by one his total for 1978. And Seattle (2-4) ended an 11-game losing streak by twice beating New York.

CAL 14-7 MNN 11-7 TEX 10-7 KC 11-6  
CH12-10 OAK 7-13 SEA 7-14

## Now comes the showdown

*The East's Spectacular Bid, complete with flamboyant trainer and embattled jockey, and the West's Flying Paster, of a quieter camp, finally meet in the Derby*

As one of the most fascinating casts of characters in years approached Saturday's Kentucky Derby, no one felt the pressure more keenly than Ron Franklin, the rider of Spectacular Bid. Franklin says he has thought about it, that he knows the kind of questions he

will face in Louisville this week. At age 19 he is used to tough questions, having survived one of the sharpest public tongue-lashings that any athlete in any sport has had to endure from someone on his side.

By contrast, a year ago Steve Caution,

only 18, who eventually would win the Triple Crown with Affirmed, was already the hero of a book, his riding talent established. There were a few questions about whether he was too young to handle the Churchill Downs pressure, but nobody was questioning his intellect, his trainer wasn't calling him an "idiot" and prominent racing writers weren't going on radio shows to hurl other invectives at him.

Only Ron Franklin knows how well the psychic scars have healed following the Florida Derby, when he came close to being taken off Spectacular Bid after a rocky, error-filled ride. And only Ron Franklin will be called upon to cope with the intimidation from other jockeys once the gate opens at Churchill Downs.

Last week, after an easy seven-length win with Spectacular Bid in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, it was all shy smiles and confident words from Franklin.

As Ron spoke to the press in one corner of the jockeys' quarters, Darrel McHargue, who finished second aboard Lot O' Gold, looked across the room and talked about the coming week and what Franklin would be facing. "I've ridden in three Derbies and I know what goes through a rider's mind," McHargue said. "You spend a lot of sleepless nights waiting for the race. But at least, by winning the Blue Grass he can go out and walk on the street now. If he'd messed up, he might have lost the mount on the Derby favorite."

That is how it is for Franklin. Can he afford the slightest mistake? When has a jockey gone to the gate in the Derby under such extraordinary circumstances? Which adds to the drama of the first meeting of Spectacular Bid and Flying Paster, a race that rekindles memories of the fabled 1955 Derby, in which Swaps swept out of the West and beat the East's esteemed Nashua.

Flying Paster is a pure California horse. He is owned by Californian B. J. Ridder, was bred in California, is ridden by Don Pierce, one of the state's most skilled and experienced big-money riders, and is handled by Gordon Camp-

continued



*Bid and Franklin made it 10 straight in the Blue Grass in the relaxed time of 1:50 for 9 1/2 miles*

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bell, 60, one of the state's most successful trainers. Spectacular Bid, on the other hand, is all East. He was bred in Kentucky and is owned, trained and ridden by Marylanders: Harry, Teresa and Tom Meyerhoff; Bud Delp; and Franklin.

Spectacular Bid was as close as he has ever been to the West last Thursday when he galloped home in the \$121,550 Blue Grass for his 10th consecutive stakes win. Flying Paster has competed no further East than Inglewood, Calif., where three weeks ago he won the Hollywood Derby by 10 smashing lengths. Despite their geographical separation, Spectacular Bid and Flying Paster are close together when it comes to their past performances. Very close.

Spectacular Bid has not lost a race since Aug. 20 last year. Flying Paster has lost once since Aug. 16, and that happened on March 17, when he gave away eight pounds to Pole Position in the San Felipe Handicap at Santa Anita. Every time Spectacular Bid or Flying Paster runs, cash registers ring merrily for their owners. Spectacular Bid has won \$52,116 per start (\$729,637 altogether); Flying Paster \$51,218 (\$717,060). Flying Paster has won his last five races by 3½ lengths; Spectacular Bid's last five wins were by 35%.

The presence of two such horses has predictably cut down the size of this year's Derby field. As recently as March 1 there were 299 horses nominated at \$100 each, but by the time the field goes under starter's orders, only six or seven other owners are expected to have put up the necessary \$7,500. Yet some of those potential "other horses" offer interesting possibilities.

A handsome son of Secretariat, General Assembly, probably will run despite an inconsistent 1979 season. So will a son of Sham called Shamgo, who has started eight times this year and failed to win. Lot O' Gold, four times second to Spectacular Bid, will run, as will King Celebrity, who last Saturday easily won the one-mile Stepping Stone Purse in a fashion that indicated he likes the Churchill Downs track. Screen King, beaten only a nostril in the Wood Memorial two weeks ago by Instrument Landing, will try to duplicate his closing burst in that race at Louisville. Sir Ivor Again, the only Derby candidate to have gone 1¼ miles (he won at that distance at Aqueduct), is also likely to run.

But the most interesting starter after



*Flying Paster evokes memories of the 1955 Derby, when the West's Swaps beat the Easterner, Nashua*

the big two will be Golden Act, another Coast horse through and through. Owned by Californians Bob Phipps and Bill Oldknow, sired by Flying Paster's sire, Gummo, and trained by Loren Rettele, Golden Act was listed in an early Derby week morning line at 10 to 1. Golden Act runs from behind, and if Spectacular Bid and Flying Paster tire each other out, Golden Act can be counted on to come shooting at them through the long Churchill Downs stretch.

By last Saturday morning Spectacular Bid and Flying Paster were bedded down on the Churchill backstretch, separated by only 75 yards. Walking the shedrow, Delp was less brassy, more subdued than usual. For several months he has been talking up Spectacular Bid in most spectacular fashion, so much so that should a trainer apply similar statements to a horse in the future, he will probably be accused of "Delping."

Delp is often caustic, outspoken, outlandish. He has created a vast amount of publicity for his horse and probably gotten a lot of people to root against Spectacular Bid as well, especially after his verbal assault against Franklin following the trouble in the Florida Derby. But in the cold of a Louisville morning last weekend, Delp spoke the unthinkable—the Derby could be lost. He seemed subdued when discussing Spectacular Bid's seven-length victory in the Blue Grass in 1:50, the slowest winning time over a fast track for the 1½-mile race in 24 years. "I thought the other three horses would run a bit better than they did, so we would have some competition before going in the Derby," Delp said, "but we had no control over what happened

While I'm not happy about it, I still think the race did nothing but help my horse.

"Bid seems to wait for somebody to come run with him. He's one of those horses that if he can see a horse, he can beat him. But then Flying Paster might be as good as Secretariat and we might get beat. If Flying Paster beats us fair and square in the Derby, I'll shake Mr. Ridder's hand and Mr. Campbell's hand and Mr. Pierce's hand... but only after I cool off."

Gordon Campbell and Bud Delp resemble each other not at all. A quiet man not given to bragging about his horses, Campbell was born in Olds, Alberta and at present lives in Bradbury, Calif., about six miles from Santa Anita. This is Campbell's first Derby, his first visit to Churchill Downs. In the past he has trained some very good horses: Winter Solstice, Messenger of Song, Cascadia. "Flying Paster is the best horse I have ever had," Campbell says. "The first time he went on the racetrack as a 2-year-old he looked like a fully experienced racehorse. Ben Ridder and I decided last October that we had a chance to get Flying Paster to the Kentucky Derby if nothing went wrong along the way. We decided then to get Don Pierce to ride him because Pierce is a very experienced and intelligent rider. He doesn't panic. Don always stays cool and is patient on a horse."

Gordon Campbell is patient, too. Upon his arrival in Kentucky, writers asked if he had read Delp's glowing remarks about Spectacular Bid through winter and spring "I didn't come to Churchill Downs for a debate," Campbell said. "I came for a horse race. I believe Spectacular Bid will get one." **END**

## The Lions and Bears won the alley fight

*Penn State's Lady Lions and California's coachless Bears won collegiate titles*

Ten years ago bowling was about as popular on campus as a three-credit course in applied astrophysical nuclear thermodynamics. "We had two tournaments a year, and that's all the bowling we ever did," says bearded Terry Nenaber, who bowled for Arizona State in the late 1960s and now coaches the Sun Devil women. Walter Byers, the executive director of the NCAA, reportedly once told representatives of the American Bowling Congress that the game "is a recreation, not a sport" and, thus, there would be no bowling tournament on the NCAA calendar.

The NCAA still stubbornly ignores bowling, but now it is part of a very silent minority, as was evident last week during the fifth annual National Collegiate Bowling Championship in Milwaukee. Bowling is big on campus these days. In fact, more than 15,000 bowlers competed in college programs this season. "We had 24 sanctioned conferences and close to 100 tournaments on the college schedule," says amateur bowling official Roger Dalkin.

In 1972 Nenaber started a New Year's tournament at the Showboat Hotel in Las Vegas and only 30 teams showed up. "This year," he says, "we had 111 teams." Penn State budgets some \$20,000 for its men's and women's bowling programs, and while \$20,000 might be small change for Joe Paterno's football team, the Nittany Lion bowling coach is not griping.

As the 12 men's and 12 women's teams began to roll away at the Red Carpet Celebrity Lanes in Milwaukee, Arizona State was ranked No. 1 in the nation in both divisions. Neither the Sun Devil men nor women survived the first cut, however. In the women's competition, Penn State easily gained the finals against Hillsborough Community College of Tampa, which qualified by ousting defending champion Wichita State, thus gaining minor revenge for last year's loss in the finals. "Girls from all over the country want to join our team," said Hillsborough Coach Delores Alvarez. "They want to bowl after high school. They want to travel like we do, and have a good time like we do."

Hillsborough had a minor personnel problem: Terry Yoshihara, who has a 185 average, was back in Tampa with the mensles. "But we have Cindy Walker," Alvarez said, "and all season Cindy's been the one who has punched out when we needed it. We used to call her 'Turkey' because she'd bowl a 240 and then a 140, a 238 and then a 138. But now she's outgrown that."

Wichita State had won the women's title three of the last four years, and bowling is a serious matter there. With no big-backs budget at their disposal, the Shocker bowlers once raised \$1,200 by staging a bowling marathon. "We got people to pledge amounts of money for each hour we bowled and then had members of both our teams bowl continuously for one week," said Gordon Vadnakin, the coach of the women's team.

Bowling under the Baker format, in which each of the five bowlers on a team rolls a frame apiece, then follows the same batting order through the second five frames, Wichita State broke to

continued



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## BOWLING *continued*

a 119-96 lead over Hillsborough after six frames. Then Hillsborough rallied with strikes in the eighth and ninth frames, and in the 10th Walker got three straight strikes to give the Hawks a 206-198 victory.

For the championship match, Penn State Coach Don Ferrell settled on a lineup that had Heidi Derk in the lead-off position followed by Liz Baudé, Becky Wilson, April Long and Valerie Bright. Earlier in the tournament Ferrell had benched Derk, who had been Penn State's leadoff bowler all season, and replaced her with Wilson, who was a last-minute addition to the Lady Lions' traveling squad following Ferrell's suspension of another Penn State bowler for disciplinary reasons.

Ferrell's lineup rejigging paid off. Hillsborough jumped to a 116-96 lead after six frames, but Baudé and Wilson rolled strikes. Long added a spare and Bright—"the sweetest bowler and the best leader in the country," Ferrell says—finished with two strikes in the 10th frame to give the Lady Lions a 192-180 victory and the championship.

In the men's semifinals, Vincennes University's bowling majors—all six members of the squad are enrolled in the Indiana school's two-year bowling-lanes management program—started with a dreadful run of six open frames and were routed by the University of California's coachless wonders, 236-121.

Although they have no official coach, the Bears coach each other so well that Cal finished the season ranked No. 3 in the nation. "We submitted a budget for \$7,200 for our men's and women's teams," said anchor Tom Watson, "and we got \$1,700. We've all paid at least \$500 out of our own pockets to make ends meet this year." The Bears made not a single lineup change in the tournament, using Carl Tsukahara, Eric Lyman, Ray Salas, Tommy Hue and Watson in each match.

In the finals, the Bears from California met the Bears from Southwest Missouri State. Southwest's Bears had set tournament records by averaging 212 per game and by registering a 278 single game in Baker play, but they bowled poorly in the finals and California won handily, 216-176.

It doesn't take an astrophysicist to prove Cal didn't need a coach. **END**



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Showing stunning acceleration, Nehemiah bursts from 20 meters back to win the 4 x 400 relay

## The year of the shark

*In the unusual role of a relay anchor, No. 1 hurdler Renaldo Nehemiah makes Penn Relays '79 one to remember*

As time goes by, 1979 may well be remembered as a vintage year for the Penn Relays. Not because Villanova acquired most of the major relay titles in the 85th edition of that venerable meet, last week in Philadelphia. That was predictable, if impressive. It was the baton-carrying heroics of Renaldo Nehemiah, heretofore known primarily as the world's best hurdler, that provided the special bouquet.

The 20-year-old sophomore at the

University of Maryland is ranked No. 1 as a hurdler, having broken seven indoor records this past season. Then, three weeks ago at the Bruce Jenner Classic in San Jose, Calif., he also broke Alejandro Casañas' two-year-old world record of 13.21 in the 110 meter hurdles with a clocking of 13.16. But at Penn last week it was Nehemiah's sprinting, more than his hurdling, that saved the meet from being one of those crowded gatherings that no one remembers very long after the final baton exchange.

The fans who endured the sporadic rain and clammy chill were rewarded with the kind of performances that raise goose bumps, not only when Nehemiah anchored Maryland to a long-sought victory in the shuttle hurdle relay (the Terps' first since 1970), but on both other occasions when he carried a baton.

Nehemiah knocked over three hurdles in his leg of the shuttle race, a 480-yard, four-leg event contested on the AstroTurf infield, which had been too rain-soaked

and slippery to allow trial heats on Friday. In contrast to his flawed, if winning, effort on the floor of the ancient stadium, when the action moved onto the Pro-Turf track at Franklin Field, Nehemiah was the epitome of running elegance and power.

In the 4 x 200-meter relay final on Saturday, Nehemiah got the baton about 15 meters behind LSU's Orlando McDaniel, an obviously hopeless position. But with his marvelously smooth acceleration, Nehemiah reeled in McDaniel with inexorable ease. He caught the Tiger runner while still 50 meters from the tape and won the race by two meters with an unofficial clocking of 19.4 for the leg. If Maryland's time on the wet track was an unspectacular 1:23.6 (the meet record is 1:21.4), Nehemiah had been spectacular enough by himself.

Said Maryland Coach Frank Costello, "Did I think that Renaldo could make up the distance on that kid? No. But perhaps I should have known better. You never can count him out. He strikes like a shark."

In the 4 x 400-meter relay, Renaldo struck again. The Terrapins were 20 meters behind favored Villanova and 10 behind Tennessee when he was handed the baton. No one could have blamed the youngster for settling for third in view of his previous labors, which had been tiring. But with his brilliant acceleration, Nehemiah ran down Villanova's highly regarded Tim Dale and Tennessee's flying Antone Blair to win by three meters. His brilliant 44.3 anchor leg gave Maryland a 3:07.2 clocking. Blair's 45.9 took Tennessee to second in 3:07.6.

While Nehemiah was demonstrating his speed, strength and competitive fire, a pair of 17-year-old high school seniors were giving indications that perhaps they too will amaze future Penn Relays fans. Both boys reside in Philadelphia and they are certainly among the best high school track athletes in the nation.

Carlton Young is an angular, 5' 11",

*continued*



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155-pound sprinter from Central High School, who has a 3.8 grade point average and an ambition to become a doctor. Rodney Wilson is a 6' 1", 169-pound hurdler from John Bartram High, whom *Track and Field News* ranked just above Young as the No. 1 prep athlete in the U.S. last winter.

That was after Wilson, who holds the state high school record of 13.4 in the 120-yard hurdles, swept through a remarkable indoor season in which he broke seven hurdle records and tied another. Chief among those quality performances were a 7.10 mark for the 60-yard highs and, hand-timed, a 6.9 effort for the same event, which equals Nehemiah's best as a prep athlete at Scotch Plains (N.J.) High two years before. Wilson has not been defeated by a high school opponent for the past year and a half, and his consistency can be credited to hard work and cool confidence.

"I try to work out every day as much as I can," Wilson says of his training on Bartram's rustic cinder track. "I always try to get in two to three hours a day. Even if the weather is bad, I lift weights in the basement or do stretching exercises in my room. I had two chairs set up in the basement. I hurdled them, practicing my technique, first concentrating on getting my trail leg, then my lead leg, over them. When I'm working by myself, I have to be my own coach. Outdoors, that old cinder track gets a lot of miles out of me. I try to analyze everything I'm doing wrong."

Wilson, who is being recruited by more than 200 colleges, adds, "Nehemiah is a challenge to me now. He sets the goals for me. Everything he does—that's my goal, too."

Had he no athletic ability, Carlton Young still would be one of the most interesting and busiest youngsters at his school, whose academic curriculum draws students from the entire Philadelphia area. Young ranks 36th in his class of 399, and his courses include calculus, biochemistry and advanced physics, each of which he hopes will advance him toward his career in medicine. Toward that end, Young also works part-time at Pennsylvania Hospital under a program sponsored by the American Foundation for Negro Affairs.

"The kid is just dynamite," says Dr. Harvey Lerner, a surgeon who is one of Young's supervisors at the hospital. "He's unusual in that he's unassuming, almost

humble. Most athletes I've known are the big-chested, pound-on-the-desk kind of people. Not this kid. He never asks for anything special." Said Dr. Howard Zaren, another supervisor, "You mean he's the top high school sprinter in the country? I didn't know that. He's been too modest to tell me about it."

Young has run 100 yards in 9.4 and has a 20.9 time for the 220. Last summer, in one of his infrequent races at 100 meters, Young ran 10.39.

Neither Young nor Wilson had a suitable showcase for his talent at Penn, which offered no individual sprint or hurdle events for the meet's huge field of prep entrants. In addition, each got a bad break that, in Wilson's case, was heart-breaking. Ill fortune first struck Central on Friday in a trial heat of the 400-meter relay. At 12:15 p.m., when the heats in that event began, the sky was overcast and threatening. Thirty minutes later, just as Young and his teammates took to the track, a deluge arrived. Its timing was terrible. Young anchored Central to a win in its race, but the time of 43.1 was not good enough to make Saturday's championship final. Before the rains came, good baton passes and Wilson's impressive anchor leg had enabled Bartram to win the opening heat in 41.8, which qualified for the finals.

On Saturday, in a prep preview of Nehemiah's comeback performances in the college-division races, Young won the consolation race for Central with a dazzling exhibition. Taking the baton in fourth place, and more than five meters behind the leader, Young raced past everyone to win by a meter as the timers caught Central in 42.4.

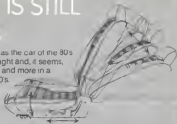
In the championship race, Bartram went into the last exchange in a dead heat with Calabar, a high school team from Kingston, Jamaica. But Wilson erred in starting to run too late, and Brian Burns, the team's top quarter-miler, ran up on him. The poor pass dropped Bartram to fourth.

Young's finest performance of the day was one of the more spectacular runs by any athlete of any age in the week-long competition. It came in the qualifying heats of the 1,600-meter relay, when Young moved his team from 20 meters back in third place to an eight-meter lead before handing the stick to anchorman Raymond Oglesby. Young was timed in a superb 46.1 as Central won the race in a Philadelphia public high school record

continued

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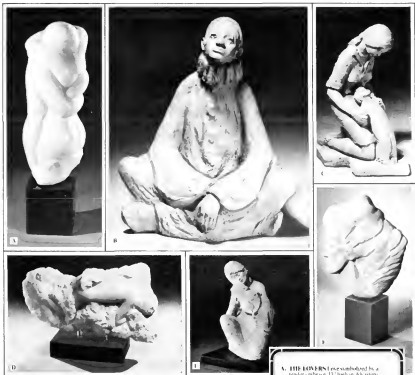


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time of 3:14.4 Bartram was second in 3:15.2, as Wilson ran a 48.4 second leg. In the final, however, poor passes caused Central to finish third in 3:16.1, even though Young contributed a 47.2 leg that again was the best in the field.

Central's disappointment, however, could hardly match that of Bartram in the same race. Leading on the gun lap, thanks to Wilson's 47.9 leg and a 47.5 run by Burns, the Braves were running at a 3:13 pace when anchorman Donny Scott collided with Dennis Wallace of Clarendon, another Kingston entry. While his teammates watched in shock, Scott crashed to the ground before he had run 120 meters. And while some observers claimed the Clarendon runner had cut in on Scott illegally, no penalty was called, and Bartram finished seventh in 3:26.

"We were capable of winning both relays," said Bartram Coach Ron Corson, "but even with the 3:26, we did better than a lot of schools that didn't fall down."

So did Villanova, but not quite as well as the Wildcats had expected. Last year Jumbo Elliott's squad won five major relay titles and this year undoubtedly entertained the thought that winning five again was not impossible. They got off to a good start on Friday when they won their 14th consecutive distance medley relay title in 9:29.9 even though—for the first two legs—they did not get anywhere near the lead. On the third leg, Don Paige moved from fifth place to first, but then anchorman Sydney Maree of South Africa was passed by Thom Hunt of Arizona and he had to kick enough to save the day for Villanova, winning by seven meters. On Saturday, Maree anchored the 4 x 1,500-meter relay, which gave the Wildcats a national collegiate record of 14:59.4. Paige ran anchor on both the sprint medley relay, which Villanova took in 3:16.5, and the 4 x 800-meter relay (7:20.3). But Nehemiah and Tennessee's Blair blocked the move toward five titles, with Renaldo's stunning 400-meter lap highlighting the final relay.

But shed no tears for Elliott, who has long understood that talent is a commodity continually replenished. There is a good chance that next year's Wildcat roster will include both Young, who has already signed a letter of intent with suburban Villanova, and Wilson, who has said he, too, would like to stay close to home.

END



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**GOOD LORD**



Glimpses of the Nelson years surge from the scrapbook: among them, the 1941 PGA Championship; on a War Road selling war with Weismüller, Hahn, Desautel and Crosby; glomming with Babe Didrikson; embracing his archrival, Ben Hogan, before the start of the 1942 Masters playoff.

# OF GOLF

In those days he was Lord Byron and set records still unequalled. Then, at 34, Byron Nelson quit the game to fulfill an old dream **BY SARAH PILEGGI**

CONTINUED - 1

**T**he Preston Trail Golf Club in Dallas, where the PGA tour stops this week, is typical of a kind of club that exists in or near every sizable American city. It is a sporting refuge of wealthy and powerful men and others who aspire to wealth and power, a place that carefully straddles the line between ostentation and invisibility. A member of such a club would not be the sort to boast of his advantages, but neither would he care for them to go altogether unnoticed.

Byron Nelson is a lifetime honorary member of Preston Trail. At 67, a prosperous rancher, a businessman, a sister on boards of directors, he would be indistinguishable from other members of his age and station if it were not for his hands. Nelson's hands are huge—thick of palm and long of finger, powerful and weathered. With those hands Nelson won the life he now leads: because of those hands and the magic he performed with them almost four decades ago, this week's tournament is named for him. During a professional career that began in Texarkana, Texas in 1932 and came to an end in Portland, Ore. in 1946, Nelson did things that no golfer has done since. For some of those 14 years he was unquestionably the best golfer alive, and for most of them he was a superlative striker of the ball, a player whose long irons were very nearly perfect.

Yet history has treated Nelson somewhat grudgingly. The record of his deeds remains heroic, but his story has never taken on the proportions of a proper legend. The trouble is that Nelson made it all seem so sinfully easy. Legends do not just step up to the plate, take a warmup swing or two and then hit the ball over the centerfield fence. Legends first point to the centerfield fence.

Nelson was never one for histrionics. In his own mind



Steers make Nelson some money, but his preference is for chickens.

he was always about equal parts golfer and farmer. His body may have been on the road playing golf for most of 14 years, but his soul lived on an imaginary piece of land somewhere in Texas. By the time he retired, at 34, he had found the place of his daydreams, and that is where he has stayed ever since.

Fairway Ranch lies off Route 114 in Roanoke, 22 miles north of Fort Worth—750 acres of rolling pastureland sustaining 68 head of beef cattle. At the end of a long asphalt drive, in an island of shade trees, is a comfortable two-story house of red brick, gray shingles and neat white trim. Flowers bloom, birds chirrup, snow-white guinea hens dart in and out of hedges and gray speckled Plymouth Rocks cluck in a hen house nearby.

"I just love chickens," said Nelson one late spring day as he surveyed his peaceable kingdom. "There's no creatures alive that's more appreciative of what you do for them. They're as nice as a dog."

The midday temperature that day was rising into the 90s, but inside, the ranch house was dim and cool. Lunch was from the garden that is Nelson's particular personal delight—new potatoes, sweet corn, young greens and strawberries. Nelson sat at the head of the long, gleaming table with his wife, Louise, at his right. He is a big man, 6' 1" tall and about 185 pounds these days. His television persona, the one that grew out of his 10-year role as Chris Schenkel's yellow-jacketed sidekick on ABC's golf coverage, the one with the round, amiable face and mildly self-deprecating manner, is contradicted in his presence by his height, his bearing and the direct gaze of his pale blue eyes. As host at Fairway Ranch, saying grace at his own table over food from his own garden, he is assured and dominant.

There are few indications that an athlete is in residence

at the Nelson house—no trophy cases, no room set aside as a shrine to youthful glories. The ranch is all the souvenir Nelson has ever needed. It is his perpetual trophy, a constant reminder of where he began, where he has been and how he got where he is.

The beginnings were in Fort Worth, in the hard '20s, when money and jobs were tight. Living near the Glen Garden golf course, Nelson began caddying for pocket money when he was 12 and soon enough was playing, too, becoming "a pretty fair, funky player," he recalls. At 16, to help make ends meet, he quit high school and went to work as a file clerk at the Fort Worth & Denver City Railway, practicing golf in the mornings as soon as the sky was light and in the evenings until it was too dark to see.

Two years later, with the Great Depression deepening, Nelson was laid off by the railroad, and since there were no jobs for anyone, anywhere, he gravitated to the pro shop and began to work on his game in earnest. He became good enough to qualify locally for the 1931 U.S. Amateur, but after scraping up enough money to get to Chicago on a day coach, he failed to make the field. "I had never seen or heard of a bent-grass green before," he says. "I had played on sand greens and Bermuda, but these were frightening, slick and fast. I three-putted everything."

In 1932 the first Texarkana Open was organized, offering \$500 in prize money. On Nov. 20, Byron Nelson said goodbye to his parents, got on a bus for the 200-mile ride to Texarkana, paid his \$5 entry fee on the tee and became a pro.

"I didn't think of the tour as something glamorous," says Nelson. "I just wanted to play to beat somebody. My parents didn't know much about golf, but they gave me their blessings. They said, 'Be a good man and do right.' " Nelson finished third at Texarkana and won \$75. A month later he was on his way to California for the start of the winter tour of 1932-33.

It was customary, and economically necessary, in those days for golf pros to work at a club and teach the game in the warm months. They hit the tournament road only when the clubs had closed down for the winter. The winter tour began in California in November or December, moved east across Texas to Florida and finally north, up the Atlantic Coast, into spring. Summer tournaments such as the U.S.

Open and the PGA Championship were played in odd weeks taken from the club jobs.

Nelson's first winter tour was memorable chiefly for its brevity—exactly three tournaments. He had intended to play Pasadena, Los Angeles, Long Beach and Santa Monica, but after Long Beach he was out of money and had to hitch a ride home. Fortunately, the pro's job at the Texarkana Country Club—salary \$60 a month—opened up and Nelson got it. He lived in a rented room in town and worked diligently

on his game in his ample free time, there being even fewer golfers at Texarkana than there had been at Glen Garden. In July, at the Texarkana Church of Christ Sunday School, he met Louise Shofner, the pretty, dark-haired daughter of a grocery store owner, and the two decided to get married, says Nelson, "as soon as I could get a dime together."

Late in the fall of 1933 Nelson went west again, this time with \$600 borrowed from his prospective father-in-law and a Model A roadster—royal blue and cream with wire wheels—that a Texarkana Ford dealer had let him buy on time. He returned with enough money to repay Louise's father and buy Louise an engagement ring before he was broke again.

Broke or not, they were married in June of 1934, and when the Model A next headed west, Louise was along. In the opening round of the San Francisco Match Play Championship that year, Nelson, the unknown

Texas kid, upset Lawson Little, winner of the British and U.S. Amateurs, 5 and 4, and a San Francisco newspaper headline read HONEYMOONER DEFEATS LAWSON LITTLE.

"Louise was so embarrassed she wouldn't leave the hotel," Byron remembers.

"We'd been married seven months!" Louise protests.

In 1935 Nelson met George Jacobus, who was president of the PGA and head pro at the Ridgewood Country Club in New Jersey. Jacobus invited Nelson to come to Ridgewood as his assistant, where he would be paid \$400 a year plus whatever he could make giving lessons.

Nelson spent two seasons with Jacobus, playing few tournaments but working harder than ever on his game. Jacobus was a teacher of the old school, but he was interested in some of Nelson's unorthodox ideas and encouraged him at a crucial time.

When Nelson began playing the game, golf equipment



Byron and Louise, his wife of 45 years, are a picture of serenity

CONTINUED

## LOD BYRON

continued

was in a period of transition from hickory to steel. Originally he had used irons with hickory shafts and woods with steel shafts. His flat caddy-yard swing worked all right with the irons, but with his woods he tended to hook the ball. He was unable to figure out why until, in 1930, he acquired his first set of steel-shafted irons and immediately began to hook them too. The problem, he eventually realized, was the difference in the amount of torque, or flex, between a steel and a hickory shaft. The compensation he was making in the roll of his wrists for the flexibility of a wooden shaft was too much for the stiffer steel shafts.

**T**herefore, gradually, one step at a time, from 1930 on, he had been experimenting, like most players who were not yet too set in their ways. He was looking for consistency and the clue to the hookless golf swing. And finally, in the fall of 1936, he found what he sought. He quit his job at Ridgewood, left Louise in Texarkana with her family, and headed off on a four-tournament tour of the Northwest. He played well in all of them, finishing in the money in Seattle and Portland, second in Victoria, B.C., and tied for first pro money in Vancouver. "I wasn't hooking anymore," he says. "The harder I hit it, the straighter I hit it." He covered his expenses for the trip and had \$2,000 left over when he got back to Texas.

"So that's how it all started," Nelson reflects. "From then on I never looked back and never tried to change anything in my swing. I don't mean to boast. I mean I was in contention from then on."

The next spring—baby-faced and 25—Nelson drew national attention for the first time, winning the 1937 Masters. The tournament was then only four years old, but already it had considerable status. Nelson shot a 66 the first day at Augusta, a score that drew attention not only because it was a course record but also because it was accomplished without his sinking a single long putt. But the feat that got a bridge over Rae's Creek named for him was his obliteration on the last day of Ralph Guldahl's four-stroke lead. Guldahl double-bogeyed the par-3 12th hole, and then, gambling to get the lost strokes back, bogeyed the par-5 13th. Nelson, playing just behind, birdied the 12th, then eagled the 13th. He had picked up six strokes in the space of two holes and had a two-stroke lead that he never relinquished.

In Nelson's opinion, 1939 was his best year. It was the year he established himself as the best golfer around by winning the U.S. Open, finishing runner-up in the PGA Championship, winning two of the most important tour events, the Western Open at Medinah and the North and South Open at Pinehurst, and setting a professional scoring record with back-to-back 65s at the Phoenix Open. In light of subsequent events, it is difficult to make an airtight case for 1939 being Nelson's best year, but certainly it was vintage.

The 1939 Open, which is more often remembered as the Open Sam Snead lost than the Open Nelson won, was held on the Spring Mill course of the Philadelphia Country Club.

Snead approached the last two holes needing only pars to win by two strokes. Nelson, Craig Wood and Denny Shute were tied at 284 for what appeared to be second place. Snead looked a little shaky when he bogeyed the 71st hole, leaving a six-foot putt short, but no one was concerned because the last hole was a relatively easy par-5 and all Snead needed was a par to win. Even if he bogeyed, he wouldn't lose. There would still be an 18-hole playoff. However, Snead got himself into a bunker that he couldn't get out of and took a triple-bogey 8.

So the playoff was three-way—Nelson, Shute and Wood. After 18 holes, Wood and Nelson remained tied with 68s, while Shute shot 76 and was eliminated. As the second 18-hole playoff between Nelson and Wood got under way, it became clear that Nelson, who already had rounds of 72, 73, 71, 68, 68 behind him, was now really getting hot. At the 3rd hole he hit a perfect pitch next to the pin for a birdie, and at the 4th he ripped off a low 210-yard one-iron with a bit of a hook on it that buzzed toward the flag, bounced and rolled a short distance past, then drew back and nestled down between the pin and the back of the cup for an eagle. After that, all Nelson had to do was hang on, and he did, finishing with a 70 and winning the playoff by three strokes. Afterward, Wood, a gracious man who had tied for first in three major championships and lost the playoff each time, said of Nelson, "He's one of the greatest golfers I've ever seen, and not because he beat me."

What astounded Wood, and everyone else, too, when they got around to totting things up, was that Nelson had hit the pin six times during the tournament, each time with a different club—in order, a four-iron, a niblick, a wedge, a driver, a six-iron and a one-iron. Nelson was not yet Lord Byron, the Mechanical Man, but he was well on his way. His long-iron play was already becoming legend, especially his mastery of the one-iron, the most difficult club in golf. "Mark my words," said Wood, "Byron is going to come through in a big way. Certainly the stage is set."

Nelson came through, but it took a while. What the stage was really set for was World War II. After 1939 the British Open and the Ryder Cup matches were discontinued. In the eight major championships that were played between 1940 and 1942, Nelson had the best record of any golfer. He won the 1940 PGA and the 1942 Masters, finished second in the 1941 Masters and was runner-up in the 1941 PGA.

In that period Nelson shared the spotlight with Ben Hogan and Sam Snead. Hogan had yet to win a major tournament (in fact, he won no tournament of any kind until the spring of 1940, when he suddenly ignited and took three in a row), but he had the best scoring average and he won the most money in both 1940 and 1941. Snead, who had first emerged as a contender in 1937, was second only to Hogan in earnings for 1941.

In hand-to-hand combat, though, Nelson was the leader. If one counts a 1927 Fort Worth caddie tournament in which 15-year-old Nelson beat 15-year-old Ben Hogan in a playoff, the rivalry between Nelson and Hogan produced

continued

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# LOAD BYRON

continued

five head-to-head meetings. Nelson won four of them. In 1939, when the Ryder Cup matches scheduled for Ponte Vedra Beach, Fla. were canceled because of the war, challenge matches among the American players were held at the Detroit Golf Club. When Hogan and Nelson met there, Hogan won. In 1940, when they met in a playoff for the Texas Open, Nelson won. But the two great encounters were their quarterfinal match in the 1941 PGA Championship at Cherry Hills in Denver and the 18-hole playoff for the 1942 Masters in Augusta.

Sandy Tatum, now the president of the United States Golf Association, was a 20-year-old Stanford golfer on his way home to California after the 1941 NCAA championships at Ohio State. He stopped off in Denver to visit friends and walked the Cherry Hills course every day, watching one good match after another. "But the classic was Hogan and Nelson," Tatum remembers, 38 years later. "Thirty-six holes on a great golf course on a perfect day. Hogan played a truly Hoganesque morning round, and having played such a round, he was one down to Nelson, which says all I can say about the quality of the golf Nelson played that morning."

"In the afternoon they reproduced the round they had played in the morning, 17 virtually flawless holes of golf. They arrived at the 18th hole with Nelson still one-up. Nelson's drive was on the right side of the fairway, Hogan's was in the middle and a few yards in front. Nelson then hit a two-iron that I can only describe as symphonic. Every time I look at that hole I visualize it against the background of what it was that day. I relive seeing that swing and watching that ball against that blue sky."

Nelson's ball came to rest five feet to the right of the pin. Hogan's second shot also landed on the green, but a good 25 feet from the hole. Hogan putted close, then Nelson sank his five-footer for a birdie and the fourth match between the two was over. Nelson had won 2-up.

Nelson's own memory of that PGA is marred by the nightmare the tournament eventually became for him. After Hogan, he beat Gene Sarazen in the semifinals and then, against Vic Ghezzi, a pro who up to that point had never seriously contended for a major title, Nelson was 3-up through 27 holes of the final match. At that point he began to feel the match slipping away from him. "It was awful," he says. "I could feel myself letting down, but there wasn't much I could do about it. It was fatigue. I guess."

Whatever it was, Ghezzi evened the match by the 36th green, and they went to extra holes. They halved the 1st with pars, but then, on the 2nd, they both missed the green and had to chip on. They hit identical shots, a little too strong, and both balls ended up a few feet beyond the hole and very close together. A measuring tape was produced to determine who would putt first, and both balls, it turned out, were exactly 42 inches from the hole. So a coin was flipped. Nelson lost and had to putt first.

The stymie rule was still in effect in 1941, so both balls re-

mained on the green, where they had landed. The only way a ball could be lifted and marked was if it interfered with the stance of the opponent. When Nelson was asked whether Ghezzi's ball would hinder him, unexpectably he said no. Then, in taking his stance over the putt, Nelson inadvertently touched Ghezzi's ball with the toe of his shoe and moved it slightly. Ghezzi should have been awarded the hole and the match on the spot. Instead, Ghezzi announced that he had no intention of winning the match that way, that no penalty should be charged because no damage had been done. Incredibly, the referee's decision, after much discussion and delay, was that if Ghezzi said it was O.K., it was O.K.

"Well, it wasn't O.K.," says Nelson, shuddering involuntarily at the memory. "After all that, I still had to make a 42-inch putt. There's no way I can win this match this way, I'm thinking. All over the world people will say. . . . Well, I didn't miss the putt on purpose, but those are the things I was thinking about. Ghezzi won the match fair and square, twice. It was the most stupid thing I ever did in a golf tournament. It was terrible. Terrible!"

Hogan and Nelson met for the last time at the 1942 Masters. Hogan, who had been eight strokes off the pace after 36 holes, shot 67 on Saturday and 70 on Sunday to tie Nelson at 280. Ties at Augusta are decided by sudden-death playoffs these days, but in 1942 a tie meant 18 holes on Monday. To watch this particular playoff, between the two best players in the game, many of the other golfers, with no stake in the outcome themselves, stayed on an extra day to see it, an extraordinary tribute.

Nelson spent the night at the Richmond Hotel in downtown Augusta throwing up, a not unusual occurrence. "There were easier people to have a playoff against than Ben Hogan, you know," he says. "I woke up on the morning of the playoff just miserable. Ben found out about it and came down to my room and said, 'If you're sick we'll just postpone the playoff until later.' I answered, 'No, Ben, let's go ahead and play it.'"

"Really now, this wasn't as noble of me as you might think. The upset stomach business had happened to me before, and every time I had been in a keyed-up, nervous condition, I had played rather well. So I staggered to the golf course, but even when I got there I wasn't sure I'd make it. I remember Ben asking me again how I felt, and I told him, 'Just awful.'"

Nelson felt even worse when his first tee shot hit a pine tree off the right side of the fairway and lodged under a small fir, from which spot he could only play out lefthanded. He double-bogeyed that hole, bogeyed the 4th and was three shots down to Hogan before he knew what had happened to him.

"But somewhere around the 5th hole," Nelson says, "my adrenaline glands started to going, and pretty soon I felt just as strong as I could be. I had that old spring in my arms and legs." He birdied the 6th and eagled the 8th, taking the lead when Hogan parred it—then birdied 11, 12 and 13 and played 14, 15 and 16 in par. Hogan played the





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## LOD BYRON

continued

same 11 holes in one under par and lost five strokes. The final score was Nelson 69, Hogan 70.

A year later Hogan was in the Army and Nelson was back at his club job, and the two never again met head to head.

World War II produced some odd sights on American golf courses. Beef cattle roamed at Baltusrol, Augusta National became a turkey farm. Patriotic members of Wykagyl, in New York's Westchester County, plowed up their 1st and 2nd fairways and turned them into victory gardens. Oak Park in Chicago raised its own chickens for the kitchen, and Twin Brooks in New Jersey strung nets in front of ponds at the 8th and 10th holes to save its dwindling supply of golf balls.

Gas rationing did the greatest damage. When weekend golfers found they could no longer get to the course on a Saturday morning, they abandoned their memberships in droves. Tournament golf was at a virtual standstill. The winter tour, usually made up of some two dozen tournaments, was reduced to two by 1943. Such were the circumstances in which Byron Nelson was reaching the peak of his talent.

He was poised to make sports history at a moment when sports, and most of the rest of human endeavor, were being eclipsed by larger events.

From 1940 to 1945, Nelson was the head professional at the Inverness Country Club in Toledo during the summer months, but during most of the war he spent the largest part of his time performing for wartime charities. He and Jug McSpaden, an old pal from the early years on the tour, were both classified 4F, Nelson because of hemophilia, McSpaden for sinusitis. They became a team, and in 1943 alone they played 110 exhibitions on behalf of the PGA at military hospitals, War Bond sales rallies and fund-raising events for the Red Cross and the USO. They crossed and recrossed the continent, usually traveling by train, sleeping in berths when they could get them, sitting in chair cars when they couldn't, standing in endless lines for meals and always—because they were neither soldiers, children, women nor old—being served last. Occasionally they were treated shabbily. Louise Nelson remembers driving through Arizona during gas rationing and having people shake their fists when they saw Nelson's Texas license plates and his young, apparently able and non-uniformed body at the wheel.

continued



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Nevertheless, hardly a week passed that a newspaper somewhere did not print a photograph of Nelson, or of Nelson and McSpaden, at a military hospital, demonstrating a golf shot to an attentive semicircle of young men with short haircuts and GI bathrobes. Their only pay was their expenses.

Once, for 19 days and nights, Nelson barnstormed with Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Johnny Weissmuller. The four would play an exhibition match during the day and then auction off their clubs for charity. In the evenings Hope and Crosby would entertain at an armory or a civic center, where audiences would buy War Bonds to see the show. Nelson's admiration for his extroverted traveling companions is still boundless. "Hope and Crosby were the two funniest men together I ever saw," he says, "and their part was so much harder than mine. They played golf and then they'd entertain. All I had to do was stand around and laugh and applaud."

By 1944 the worst of the war for the Allies was past, and as the end became perceivable, spirits lightened. Fred Corcoran, the PGA tour manager and publicist, was able to schedule 22 tournaments that year. With the luck of the Boston Irish, he also just happened to have a star on hand ready to be reborn. Nelson won seven of Corcoran's 1944 tournaments. Except for a soured putter, he would have won the revived PGA Championship, too, played at the Manito Golf and Country Club in Spokane, Wash., before the largest crowds in the tournament's history. The PGA was won by an unknown, Private Bob Hamilton of Evansville, Ind.

Nelson's scoring average for 84 rounds in 1944 was 69.67, and he won \$37,000 in War Bonds, nearly twice as much as Sam Snead's record total in 1938. The Associated Press named Nelson Athlete of the Year, and TIME reported, "The quality of competition in other sports had fallen off, but in golf the steady competition of par was the same as ever. Against that unwavering opponent, John Byron Nelson had proved himself not only the athlete of the year, but one of the greatest golfers ever."

Who could have imagined that 1944 was only a warmup?

Every great athlete has, at the prime of his sporting life, a season or a year that stands out from the rest. It usually arrives in the midst of a series of good years, and a certain amount of time has to pass before its true size can be recognized. Babe Ruth's year was 1927. Bobby Jones' was 1930. Don Budge's was 1938. Ben Hogan's was 1953.

Byron Nelson's year was 1945. He came as close that year as a golfer can to being unbeatable. He set records in 1945 that are still on the books 34 years later and will undoubtedly be there 34 years from now. He played golf that other golfers found almost unbelievable. In that year Corcoran was able to line up 35 tournaments worth about half a million dollars. Nelson won 18, just over half of them.

Eighteen tournaments was 11 more than anyone had won in a calendar year. Eighteen tournaments in a year is five more than any golfer has won since. Furthermore, Nelson

finished second seven times in 1945. His prize money, most of it in War Bonds, was \$52,000, half again as much as his own record the previous year. (That \$52,000 was 10% of the total purse for 1945. Ten percent of this year's total purse on the PGA tour would be \$1.3 million.)

It has often been argued that Nelson's record year could have occurred only at a time when the best of the competition was still away at war, but that overlooks Nelson's scoring, which was barely credible. In 120 rounds of tournament golf, Nelson's average score for 18 holes was 68.33. It is a record that has never been touched. Snead, with 69.23 in 1950, came closest. Hogan's 69.30 in 1948 is next. Jack Nicklaus' best stroke average was 69.81 in 1973, and that was for only 72 rounds.

**D**uring that year, Nelson was also working on another remarkable string. Between 1940 and 1946, he finished in the money in 113 straight tournaments. Jack Nicklaus came closest to that record with 105 between 1970 and 1976. Also, it should be noted, in Nelson's day most tournaments paid only the top 15 places; during Nicklaus' string, 70 places were paid.

But the record for which Nelson will probably be remembered longer than any other is the Streak. Between mid-March and early August, he won 11 tournaments in a row, a feat that is almost beyond comparison. The closest any golfer has come to the record in 34 years was when Nancy Lopez won five in a row in 1978.

Extraordinary feats in golf, rounds such as Johnny Miller's 63 in the 1973 U.S. Open at Oakmont, and Al Geiberger's 59 in the second round of the Memphis Classic in 1977, are so unusual and so far beyond reasonable explanation that they are frequently said to have happened while the golfers were in a "trance" or a "fog," the implication being that the score was more the product of magic than an act of will. Nelson's 1945 "trance" lasted five months and survived some heavy handicaps. Travel, for instance. Travel during World War II, no matter what the vehicle, was like a rush hour that lasted four years. Further, most of Nelson's travel was by train, which, even when things went according to schedule, required days instead of hours to get from one place to another. Nelson also won tournaments while playing benefits at a rate of at least one, more often two, a week wherever he went. He almost never was able to play a practice round.

The Streak began with a victory in the Miami Four-Ball tournament the second week of March. The next week, when he beat Snead in a playoff at Charlotte, N.C., Nelson sensed something unusual was going on. "I became confident," he remembers. "I realized I could do with the golf ball pretty much what I wanted to do."

After six wins, Byron told Louise he wished he could blow up and get it over with. Instead he went to the golf course that day and shot a 66. People could scarcely believe what they were seeing. Tommy Armour, the famous Scottish pro who in the late '20s and early '30s won the

continued

U.S. Open, the British Open and the PGA, said, "Nelson plays golf shots like a virtuoso. There is no type of problem he can't handle. High shots, low shots, with the wind or across it, hooks or fades—he has absolute control of them all. He is the finest golfer I have ever seen."

Meanwhile, Nelson was aiming for the PGA Championship in July at the Moraine Country Club in Dayton, Ohio. His loss the year before to Hamilton had been an enormous disappointment and he was determined to redeem himself. But when he found himself two holes down to Mike Turnesa with only four holes to play in the second round, his hopes for redemption seemed about to go down the drain together with the longest winning streak—eight straight tournaments at that point—in the history of the game.

However, one of the characteristics of Nelson's play had always been his ability to produce wondrous finishing bursts in just such moments. He shot birdie, birdie, eagle and par to win the match one-up on the 36th green. Poor Turnesa, who had shot 68, 69—seven under par—only to lose, mourned, "How can you beat a guy like that? I never played better golf in my life, and when I had him 2-up going to the 15th, I felt confident I was going to win. Then what happened? Why in the next three holes he throws two birdies and an eagle at me?"

The final was an anticlimactic 4 and 3 win over Sam Byrd, the former baseball player. With it, Nelson had won his fifth and last major championship, and the Streak was still alive. The 10th was the rich All-American Open at Tam O'Shanter in Chicago, and No. 11 was the Canadian Open.

**T**he end finally came the third week of August in Memphis, when Fred Haas Jr., an amateur, won the tournament and Nelson finished fourth. But there were no headlines and no praises for standing ovations. In fact, hardly anybody noticed, because on Aug. 6 the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima and on Aug. 14 the Japanese surrendered and World War II came to an end.

One year later Byron Nelson quit tournament golf for good. Why he retired when he did, at 34, and so quickly after his greatest successes, has been a frequent subject of locker-room conjecture. It has been suggested that he retreated rather than face Hogan's inevitable challenge. It has been said that he lost his nerve, that he had a bad stomach and that he had no stomach for competition.

The truth is that Nelson at 34 was old beyond his age and tired beyond endurance. In the fall of 1945, when he went elk hunting in a remote region of Idaho for two weeks, he had had, by Louise Nelson's calculations, exactly 11 days away from golf since the beginning of the war. He dragged himself through the 1946 season, but his heart was on a ranch outside Fort Worth.

At the PGA Championship in Portland, Ore., in August of 1946, he lost to Porky Oliver in the quarterfinals and then announced he was going home to stay. His face was hag-

gard and his long frame was 18 pounds underweight. Though he managed an occasional smile for the gallery, when he returned to the locker room it was gone and his blue eyes were dull. A few weeks later he told a reporter what was going through his mind. "I'm just tired. It has been a long grind," he said. "There were days when I thought I would scream if I had to go to the course. It was week in and week out for years. I tried to give my best to golf. Now I want to realize a dream. I've got 500 pasture acres and 130 more under cultivation. I've got my dad and mother with me and . . . well, that's the story."

Louise Nelson put down her fork and glanced across the luncheon table at her husband. "I don't think all the truth has been told," she said, "and maybe now is as good a time as any." Byron, married to the same woman for 45 years, did not need to ask what she was about to say.

Louise began.

"He kept on wanting and wanting a ranch, but I didn't want him to have one because he didn't know anything about ranching and I was afraid he would lose everything he had worked so hard for. But he kept on wanting it. So finally I said, 'All right, but you cannot touch any of our investments. You have to earn every bit of it.' I said, 'I've got both feet in concrete and I'm not changing. We've worked hard and I'm afraid you'll lose it ranching.'"

"Looking back on it I realize I was being selfish. But anyway, he got himself busy and he made a lot of money. That was 1945. When he had saved up over \$50,000 in cash, he thought he could start looking. But it wasn't enough money, and I said, 'Well, you're just going to have to work another year. You'll have to work through the National Open.' We made a pact we wouldn't tell anyone, and we didn't. He almost won that Open. It was when his caddie stepped on his ball."

The 1946 U.S. Open at Canterbury in Cleveland was the first in five long years, and the galleries were huge. Fairways were not roped off in those days, which meant that 12,000 people raced to get a spot behind each shot as the leaders played their final rounds. At the 13th hole of the morning round (the last two rounds of the Open were both played on the same day, Open Saturday, until 1965) Nelson's caddie, a young man named Eddie Martin, still in uniform and on furlough from the Army, accidentally stepped on Nelson's ball in his effort to get out of the way of the on-rushing gallery. The error cost Nelson a penalty stroke.

In spite of the penalty, Nelson reached the 71st hole needing only a par and a bogey to win. Instead he took two bogeys, ending up in a three-way tie with Vic Ghezzi and Lloyd Mangrum, then lost to Mangrum in the second 18-hole playoff the next day, the three had shot identical 72s in the first playoff round. Of those last two holes of regulation play, one newspaper said, "After playing superb golf, perhaps the finest from tee to green ever seen in any championship, Nelson, the great shotmaker, became just another golfer."

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Duane / Atlantic World Books / Mower Springs / **EDINBURGH**: Clancy / Toyland / Kids Store / **MANHATTAN**: Dora's Hobby / Maplewood: Arts Mart / **MINNEAPOLIS**: Brooks, Geare / Damon-Boston Ltd. / Jolly / Korte's / **MISSOURI** All Kay-Bee / Clayton: Spencer's 5 & 10 / Independence: Fun City Toys / Inland: Hays / **KANSAS CITY**: Brantner Toy & Hobby / Hobby Haven / **MOBILE**: Treasure House / **ROLLA**: Crown Shop / **ST. LOUIS**: Revolver / **NEBRASKA**, **ALBANY**: Hatch Drug / **Grand Island**: World of Toys & Hobbies / **HAWAII**: Aloha / **Lincoln**: Miller & Paine / **OHIO**: Hobby Center / **NORTH DAKOTA** & **Grand Forks**: Andy's / **MINN.**: Hays / **ST. LOUIS**: Spencer's 5 & 10 / **CINCINNATI**: All Fun Fair / All Kay-Bee / All Hobby Centers / Bryan, Gary / **WINCHESTER**: Chagrin Falls / Taggart's Toy Shop / **CINCINNATI**: Boardwalk / **Turkey**: Wainwright / **CLEVELAND**: National Hobby / **COLUMBUS**: Columbus Book Shop / **Graceland**: Hobbyland / **Midvale**: Palmer / **Lakewood**: Wilbur Hobby Shop / **Painesville**: Toyland / **Peoria**: Hays / **Revere**: Jack & Jill Shop / **Woolson**: Peoria's Sport Shop / **Youngstown**: Boardman Hobby / **WISCONSIN** All Toys R Us / **Cudahy**: Gentry Hays & Hobby Center / **Madison**: M-Jerds / **Minneapolis**: Hays / **Hagerick's** / **Playroom** / Kay-Bee Toy / **Oakbrook**: Hobby House / **West Bend**: Toy World



# LOD BYRON

continued

"I cried for a week after that," said Louise. "But I was just selfish enough that I wanted him to go out a real champion and be able to say, 'Well, boys, that's that.' So he went on and played through the PGA in Portland. But he wasn't playing the way he had been."

"I had already quit in my mind," said Nelson quietly.

The last scene of the 14-year adventure that had begun on a bus leaving Fort Worth for Texarkana in 1932 was not the kind of a Hollywood writer of the period would have dictated. But the epilogue was. No discharged GI in America was any happier to be going home than Byron Nelson was in 1946. The ranch had cost him all he had, but it was finally his, and the job of transforming it from the dried-up derelict of a place that it was when he first saw it into the tranquil oasis it is today was a labor made sweeter by its long postponement.

Only once more did Nelson play golf for the prize money in it. He had been retired four years, and by then had realized that he was going to need more income than the ranch and his modest investments could produce. At that point he got a call from Jim Shriver, a MacGregor golf-equipment salesman. Shriver suggested a series of exhibition matches in the Pacific Northwest, Shriver's sales territory, for the spring of 1951. Nelson agreed and Shriver set about booking the matches.

**B**ut those four years of retirement might as well have been 40, so quickly had Nelson's star descended and Hogan's risen. The memory of Nelson's triumphs had dissipated like mist on a summer morning. Shriver could book only three matches. The whole project seemed doomed until Nelson received an invitation to play in the 1951 Bing Crosby pro-am with Ed Lowery, an old friend from San Francisco.

"I thought to myself," says Nelson, "if I play O.K. I could get a little publicity and maybe I can make those matches." So he went to work on his game for a month, and when January arrived he went to Pebble Beach. He not only played "O.K.," he won the tournament, the first he had played in four years, beating Cary Middlecoff by three strokes.

The \$2,000 prize for first place was welcome, but the publicity worked wonders. Within a week, 26 exhibition matches had been booked. Every day except Mondays for a month that spring, at a fee of \$300 a stop, Nelson would play an 18-hole match in the morning, attend a luncheon, stage a clinic, make a speech at a dinner, then get into his car and move on to the next town.

The occasional golf of Nelson's retirement years has been some of his best. Lowery recalls a time at the Crosby in the mid-'50s when Nelson shot a 70 in the first round and was close to the pro lead in the tournament. "We were playing the 8th at Cypress on the second day," says Lowery. "Byron's second shot was short of the green in a bunker. I'm on the green, putting for a birdie from six feet. Byron had his caddy pick up his ball, and I said, 'Byron, you're four

strokes off the lead!" He said, "I'm here for fun; I'm not playing for money." I didn't understand it, but he lived by it. He was just playing for my sake and for Bing Crosby's."

There were also individual shots as memorable as any he hit in the '30s and '40s, and he savors them as any golfer would. "At Colonial in Fort Worth, the 5th fairway slopes into a ravine, a low area with trees overhanging," he says. "I was in a position where I had to hit the ball under the trees but skip over a bank, and the shot had to hook because a straight shot would go into the river. So I took a two-iron and it just missed the bank and landed eight feet from the pin. Sometimes you can get a great kick out of a shot that somebody watching might think wasn't anything special. It gives you a happy feeling when it works."

Tucked away in the closet at the ranch is a cardboard carton filled to overflowing with pictures taken when Byron and Louise were seeing the world for the first time. It is a time capsule in which are distilled all those years when the work was hard and the rewards were meager but when every sight was a new sight. Here are Byron and Jug in front of an eight-foot snowbank at Lake Tahoe. Louise and Eva McSpaden in front of the same snowbank, Eva wearing a fox fur jacket, Louise with a silly little hat tipped over her right eye. Byron standing next to a saguaro cactus four times as tall as he. Horseshoe Falls with a note penciled on the back: "Water is blue as can be and clear as a whistle." Byron and Louise standing ankle-deep in Lake Erie, he with his pants rolled up to his calves, she clutching the hem of her skirt ("It was our first anniversary and I was in the doghouse. I was supposed to take Louise to see Guy Lombardo and I didn't"). Nelson in a pony cart in Aiken, S.C., in a copper mine in Butte, Mont., in a cloud of locusts in Argentina, under the Oakland Bay Bridge, in front of the Miami Biltmore, aboard the *Manhattan* with the 1937 Ryder Cup team on its way to England.

"I look back now and realize how young I was when I quit," said Nelson recently, from the vantage point of his 68th year. "But still with no regrets. I did what I did. I didn't feel I had no more worlds to conquer. I would have liked to win the Open once more, for instance. But I had bought the ranch and I really wanted to leave. When I did, I felt free, a different type of freedom, and I loved it."

Nobody had any trouble keeping Byron down on the farm, but Louise hadn't yet seen Paree. So in 1955, when Byron was 43, the Nelsons went to Paris. They stayed at the Ritz, and while Louise toured, Byron won the French Open at La Boullie. He was the first American to win it since Walter Hagen in 1920. The Nelsons celebrated by going to the Folies-Bergère, and then when it was time to leave, Nelson applied his winner's purse, 10,000 francs, to his hotel bill. By the time he had settled up and had tipped all the people who needed tipping, he had 500 francs left, which is the way he wanted it. Then he and Louise went home to Texas.

END

# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 23-29

**PRO BASKETBALL**—Philadelphia refused to quit at its quarterfinal series with San Antonio. Facing elimination and trailing by 13 points in the fourth quarter, the '76ers rallied to win 92-86 on a layup by Maurice 'C. Souda with 10 seconds to play. That tied the series at 3-1. Earlier in the week the '76ers won 120-97 in San Antonio in John Elway, who was deployed at guard rather than his normal forward spot, scored 33 points. Should the '76ers take the series, they would be only the third team in NBA history to come back from a 3-1 deficit. Defending champion Washington beat Atlanta 100-84 to advance to the semifinals, but the Hawks gave the Bulls all they could handle, winning Game 5 107-103 and Game 6 104-88 to force the series to seven games (page A6). Phoenix and Seattle made quick work of their quarterfinal opponents and will play each other in the semi-finals. The Suns, led by Paul Hogue, beat Kansas City twice, 101-84 and 125-96, to win their series 4-1. Memphis, who scored only 12 points in Games 2 and 3, poured in 78 and 33 points. The SuperSonics eliminated Los Angeles in five games with a 116-100 win, even though the Lakers led by 10 in the third period. Greg Williams finished with 30 points, including 10 free throws in the fourth period.

**BOWLING**—California beat Southwest Missouri State 116-118 in the men's division and Penn State defeated Hibernian Community College of Tampa, Fla. 191-180 in women's competition at the National Collegiate Championships in Milwaukee (page A6).

**GOLF**—HUBERT GREEN fired a final round 64 for a 15-under-par 273 to win the \$250,000 New Orleans Open by one stroke over four other golfers.

JANE BLALOCK coasted to a six-stroke victory in the \$100,000 LPGA Crosseau Classic in Birmingham, Ala.

**HOCKEY**—NHL: The Battle of New York began with the Rangers and Islanders splitting the first two games of their semifinal series. Behind Mike Tkaczuk's two goals and two assists, the Rangers beat the Flyers 3-1 earlier in the week to win their quarterfinal matchup in five games and ensure that the Stanley Cup final would include a New York team for the first time since 1977. Two nights later the Rangers erased the Islanders' home-ice advantage with a 4-1 victory at Nassau Coliseum. The underdogs found new activity factors in their fifth straight playoff victory. Eddie Johnson, who had only five goals all season, scored his fifth playoff goal to give the Rangers a 2-1 lead, and Bobby Sheehan, recalled from the minors at the end of the season, scored the final goal and his second of the playoffs. The Islanders needed to go into

8:02 of overtime to even the series with a 4-1 victory. The winning score coming on a 35-foot shot by Dino Proulx that deflected off Ranger defenseman Carol Vadnais and past goalie John Davidson. Wayne Gretzky of the Islanders had tied the game at 1-1 and then assisted on the two goals that put his team ahead 2-1. Phil Esposito tied the score with his 50th playoff goal with 4:12 left in regulation play. Montreal, which lost heavier Boston in 13 straight playoff series dating back to 1943, contained a domination of the Bruins with 4-2 and 5-2 victories, even though Boston took an early lead in both games. In the first, the Bruins were ahead 2-1 when Guy Lafleur tied the score on a Bole goal that bounced off Boston defenseman Mike Milbury. Golden-jawed Pierre Larouche then put the Canadiens ahead to tie. The Bruins led 2-0 in the second period of Game 2 before Jacques Lemare, Bob Gassie and Mario Tremblay all scored in a span of 1:24 to power Montreal to a 5-0 series lead.

WHA: With Real Cloutier bolstered by a back injury and the rest of the Nordiques bolstered by illness, Quebec disappeared quickly from the playoffs. Defending ACH Trophy champion Winnipeg bombed the Nordiques 5-1, 9-1, 9-1, 9-1 and 6-1 in Cloutier, the league's leading scorer, managed only one goal and one assist and his teammates fought among themselves in precision. New England ended their Cinnabar 3-1 in a best-of-three playoff series and flying to Edmonton to play the Oilers two nights later, got a quick lift when 35-year-old Claude Lemieux scored the first goal of the game. The Oilers were caught napping as the Oilers scored three goals at the second period—two within 24 seconds of each other—to make it a 3-1 victory. Bill MacKenzie had three goals in that game, and linemate Brett Callaghan pulled the same trick the next night in Edmonton won 3-5. In the third game, New England woke up and won 4-1 on two goals by George Lyle.

The Soviet Union won all eight of its games to retain the world championship in Moscow. Czechoslovakia finished second, followed by Sweden and Canada. The U.S. finished fourth.

**HORSE RACING**—SPECTACULAR BID 152 10L, Ron Franklin up, won the \$121,558 Bell Grooms Stakes at Keeneland by seven lengths over Lisa of Gold. The 3-year-old was timed in 1:56 for the 1/4 mile (page A3).

**STATE DINNER** (434) ended by Chris McCann, won the \$111,250 Century handicap at Hollywood Park by two lengths over Star Spangled. Favored Exciter broke down shortly after finishing third.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—LARRY PATRICK DEPAJER rolled up 191 laps in his Buick Skylark 2000 and only a crowd of American and Italian fans in a Lotus '71) won the Springfield Prix in Arizona.

**SOCCER**—SANI: Blazevic in star Marinho had been criticized by Cosmos management for his selfish style of play, but after his performance against Fort Lauderdale, nobody was complaining. The tight regular season ended in longer history: 21-34 at Giants Stadium saw Marinho score all three goals in the Cosmos beat the Nighthawks 3-0 to remain out of only two additional teams. The Cosmos had to play most of the game on men down after Wes Roberg was ejected for on-field conduct. Tulsa the other semifinal team was the Tampa Bay dropped in its game of the season: 3-1 to previously winless Toluca. A team that the Red Bulls beat 7-1 two weeks ago. Later in the week Tampa Bay beat Fort Lauderdale 2-1 to open the NWSL debut of West Coast Soccer Club. Chicago handled Houston in its first loss in Karl-Heinz Grottel scored three goals in a 3-1 victory. The New England Patriots, who have yet to score a goal, lost their fifth straight, 2-1 to Memphis.

ASL: Las Vegas changed coaches, and the switch paid off immediately. Orlando DeLano was replaced by Michael R. Latta, who scored an unexpected goal in the Seagulls' first game under him, a 2-1 victory over Los Angeles. Los Angeles defeated Las Vegas 5-0 behind Jerry Foltz's three goals.

**TENNIS**—BORN BOB: beat James Connors, 6-1, 6-2 to win the \$24,000 Alan King Classic in Las Vegas.

**WRESTLING**—HIRE: As coach of the Chicago Bulls, JERRY LODAN '37, a former Bulls guard (1966-74) and for the past three seasons an assistant coach and team physician, Sonny Hebertson, who finished the season after Larry Costello was dismissed.

DEED JOHN ALEYN, 41, former president and owner of the Chicago White Sox (1969-73), of a heart attack in Chicago. Alyn helped prevent the team from moving to Seattle in 1975 by selling his majority interest to Ted Levine.

## CREDITS

40—Courtesy Paramount Pictures; 41—Richard Markson; 42—Larry Costello; 43—Richard Markson; 44—R. M. Latta; 45—James Latta; 46—Bill Latta; 47—Photo Service; 48—Bertie Nelson; 49—Gabeil; 50—L. J. (2); 51—A. (2); 52—L. J. (2); 53—A. (2); 54—A. (2); 55—A. (2); 56—A. (2); 57—A. (2); 58—A. (2); 59—A. (2); 60—A. (2); 61—A. (2); 62—A. (2); 63—A. (2); 64—A. (2); 65—A. (2); 66—A. (2); 67—A. (2); 68—A. (2); 69—A. (2); 70—A. (2); 71—A. (2); 72—A. (2); 73—A. (2); 74—A. (2); 75—A. (2); 76—A. (2); 77—A. (2); 78—A. (2); 79—A. (2); 80—A. (2); 81—A. (2); 82—A. (2); 83—A. (2); 84—A. (2); 85—A. (2); 86—A. (2); 87—A. (2); 88—A. (2); 89—A. (2); 90—A. (2); 91—A. (2); 92—A. (2); 93—A. (2); 94—A. (2); 95—A. (2); 96—A. (2); 97—A. (2); 98—A. (2); 99—A. (2); 100—A. (2); 101—A. (2); 102—A. (2); 103—A. (2); 104—A. (2); 105—A. (2); 106—A. (2); 107—A. (2); 108—A. (2); 109—A. (2); 110—A. (2); 111—A. (2); 112—A. (2); 113—A. (2); 114—A. (2); 115—A. (2); 116—A. (2); 117—A. (2); 118—A. (2); 119—A. (2); 120—A. (2); 121—A. 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and Satisfaction"  
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On Sale Now from April 29th through May 26th.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

## BOSTON MARATHONERS

Sir:

I appreciated your article on the Boston Marathon (Downhill Racer, April 23). It is indeed the most prestigious footrace in America today, and your coverage of Bill Rodgers' victory was superb.

Two years ago, I ran at Boston. It was a very warm day, and I suffered heat exhaustion and muscle spasms at 21 miles. Luckily, two spectators jumped out to massage my foot, offer encouragement and send me on my way. I never found out who they were, but I owe a lot to them for helping me to finish the race. It was an agonizing but beautiful experience, and I'm certain that many similar acts of camaraderie occurred this year.

The aspect of the Boston Marathon that sticks foremost in my mind isn't necessarily the battle for first place. It's the drama that unfolds at all levels of this competition. The encounters between athletes and spectators are only one example.

JIM REISLER  
Gambier, Ohio

Sir:

I enjoyed Kenny Moore's fine coverage of Bill Rodgers' record-breaking effort in the Boston Marathon. However, the limited scope of Moore's reporting annoys me. Perhaps he did not notice the 20 world-class athletes competing in the third annual National Wheelchair Marathon, which was held in conjunction with the Boston event.

Competing along with the runners (a 15-minute head start helps to avoid confusion), Ken Archer of Akron won the Wheelchair Marathon on 2-18-89.

Congratulations should be extended to all who competed in this remarkable race, but especially to three winners: Bill Rodgers, Joan Benoit and Ken Archer.

MICHAEL J. SHEERAN  
Manchester, N.H.

Sir:

After participating in the Boston Marathon—perhaps the most thrilling, inspiring and satisfying event of my life—I was disillusioned with your coverage of the women runners. Kenny Moore managed to squeeze in only one paragraph about Joan Benoit and Patti Lyons dueling at 19 miles and one other about winner Benoit's cold shower and black toenails.

Perhaps most infuriating was the entry in FOR THE RECORD, which mentioned only Bill Rodgers. A casual reader might wonder if the women runners were there at all.

CARLA M. KALLI  
Ashubula, Ohio

## MISSING CLUB

Sir:

Please help us. We are still a little bewildered by the Masters (Fuzzy Came In Loud and Clear, April 23). Where is that putter of Fuzzy Zoeller's?

BEN SALTERWHITE  
SCOOTER WALKER  
Monticello, Fla.

• Back in Zoeller's golf bag. It came down just about where Fuzzy had been standing when he tossed it in the air, and caddy Jerry Beard walked over and picked it up.—ED

## DELP'S STYLE

Sir:

Although Clive Gammon's article on Spectacular Bid (Big Horse Comes', April 23) attempts to characterize trainer Bud Delp as a rumbunctious and flamboyant—but compassionate and sensitive—man, it misses the mark. Delp had-mouths the jockeys (Franklin, Cordero, Velasquez), the trainers (Veitch, Jolley) and even Bid's owners, who committed the sin of being underfoot on the day of the Florida Derby when they came to see their horse run. Indeed, the only words of praise Delp seems to have are for "his" horse. If hitting one exercise boy, talking about hitting another and berating Romie Franklin before the national media are samples of what it takes to become a winning Kentucky Derby trainer, Delp should have it made. It is really unfortunate, though, that while Spectacular Bid continues to demonstrate his considerable class, his trainer continues to show a complete lack of class.

GREG DENNIS  
Huntington Beach, Calif.

## ROSSMAN-GALINDEZ

Sir:

Pat Putnam's analysis of the Mike Rossman-Victor Galindez WBAI light-heavyweight title fight was very accurate (Losing the Title Singlehandedly, April 23). For days after the fight, all I heard or read was how great Galindez was and what a chicken Rossman is. I think Jimmy DePiano, Rossman's father and manager, summed it up best when he said of Galindez: "regained title." "It's a loan not a gift." Boxing needs more chickens like Mike Rossman.

JOHN PARKER  
Saugerties, N.Y.

Sir:

Victor Galindez may be the WBAI world light-heavyweight champion, but his lack of sportsmanship overshadows his boxing talent. If Mike Rossman does get a much-deserved rematch and Stanley Christodoulou is not the

referee, then I feel certain that Galindez will once again be the challenger instead of the champion.

DOUGLAS R. KRAUS  
Franklin, Ohio

## BEATING THE HOUSE

Sir:

That will teach me not to reveal my age. Actually, I'm a boy of 44, not an older man of 45, as reported (The Odds Couple, April 16).

Your article about Keith Taft and me was far and precise, except for one small point on what the card-counting blackjack player should do with a pair of 7s versus a dealer's 10. The answer is "Stand if playing a single-deck game in Nevada, hit if playing multiple-deck games, as in the Bahamas, France or London, and surrender in Atlantic City."

KEN USTON  
Wheaton, Md.

Sir:

To describe Keith Taft, a man who spends so much of his time in gambling casinos and much more of it figuring out how to beat them, as a "deeply religious Baptist" is a joke. If he spent a fraction of the time he puts into gambling on church activities, he would be better off.

By the way, I assume that the glass shown in front of Taft in the picture on page 66 of your article contained Coke with a wedge of lime.

KENNETH D. COMMON  
Adult Sunday School Teacher  
Southern Baptist Church  
Onk Harbor, Wash.

• It did.—ED

Sir:

Readers of *The Odds Couple* may also enjoy seeing *Secrets*, a PBS-TV special I wrote and produced that will be broadcast in June. A feature segment of our program shows Keith Taft and his hidden blackjack computer in action, gambling—and winning—under the unsuspecting noses of security personnel at a leading Nevada casino.

HERBERT DANASKA  
Producer  
*Secrets*  
New York City

Sir:

Since when has Las Vegas-type gambling (blackjack) become sport?

FRANK LOSAY  
Irvine, Calif.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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